

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.
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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1857, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been published continuously since that time. It is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is published at the office of the publisher, 107 Thames street, Newport, R. I.

- Societies Occupying Mercury Hall**
- ROBIN WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 285, Order Sons of St. George-Patrick Edney, President; Fred Smith, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.
- COURT WATSON, No. 679, Foresters of America-James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
- THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY-James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)-Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. Denehy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
- DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 2-President, Mrs. Catherine Giffney; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempstead. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
- ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Charles Hoidt; Adjutant, Winifred W. Hall.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)-Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. Denehy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
- DAVID DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. O. of P.-Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.
- OLAV MILKLOD, No. 183-John Yula, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening, this week, Thursday being St. Patrick's Day. The business was largely routine. The regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved and ordered paid.

The board of firewards asked permission to purchase 1000 feet of hose, three fire alarm boxes, and one hose, and it was understood that the committee of the aldermen would act with the board of firewards in the purchase. Permission was granted to erect a small stand at the city pier at Van Zandt avenue for the sale of candy, etc.

There was a discussion regarding bills and letters presented for furnishing the Tourist Synagogue. It developed that a committee of the board had been appointed to act with a committee from the Synagogue in regard to the matter, of purchasing these goods and that the aldermen committee had not been consulted. It was decided that the contractor should have a representative present at the next meeting to explain his claim. The matter of purchasing a new road roller and extra parts for the highway department was left to the committee recently appointed. In the matter of the purchase of dust laying oil for the streets there were several bidders the matter was left to the street commissioner. Contract for lubricating oil of various grades was given to the Newport Foundry & Machine Co. The purchase of paving blocks was left to the street commissioner, as he believed that the could get a more advantageous price than had been offered. The same course was taken in regard to cement. The contract for sewer pipe went to Alexander Fludder. Stone for cross walks will be furnished by the Hudson Blue Stone Company.

It was voted that the Mayor and president of the board of aldermen should be a committee to install the uniform system of municipal accounts recently ordered by the representative council.

Mr. George E. Allen, an employee of the New England Navigation Company, has been placed on the company's pension roll, after 39 years of continuous service. He was one of the original painters of the steamers of that line.

Mr. Anthony Stewart is visiting in New York.

Representative Council.

The adjourned session of the representative council was held on Wednesday evening, when considerable routine business that had been left over from the last meeting, was transacted.

The body was not in session very long, adjourning at about 9.30. There was but slightly more than a quorum present when the meeting was called to order, but more came in a little later.

A resolution was introduced authorizing a contract with the Newport Hospital for the care of advanced cases of tuberculosis at their homes, and after this had been amended to read pulmonary tuberculosis, it was passed.

The resolution authorizing a contract with the Newport Hospital for the care of the sick poor of the city, with certain exceptions, caused considerable discussion. The resolution provides that patients shall be admitted to the Hospital under this contract by the city physician, and Dr. Ramsay moved to amend by allowing any Newport physician to enter a patient. The amendment was defeated.

John B. Braman, Seth W. M. Battene, Robert A. Hayee, Michael J. Burns, and William Lequan were added to the list of weighers of coal and merchandise.

On recommendation of the tax assessors, the city treasurer was directed to cancel certain tax charges against George Kelly heirs, and later taxes assessed were remitted. The assessors reported back the request of the Common Base Gum Company for remission of taxes without recommendation and the council laid it on the table temporarily.

Mr. Edward W. Higbee, collector of taxes, came before the council to talk over personal property taxes. A long list of uncollectable taxes for small amounts had been reported to the council at its first meeting, being the names of many who apparently could not be compelled to pay their taxes, some having moved away, or for other reasons. Mr. Higbee explained the reasons why these taxes could not be collected, and Mr. Friend of the tax assessors explained how they got assessed. The accompanying resolution remitting these taxes was not passed.

A resolution was passed providing for markers for the burial lots that are given perpetual care by the city, and also providing for annual reports to the council. Petitions for repairs to Ledyard place, Merton road, and for lights on Harrison avenue, which had been before the committee of 25, were laid on the table. Petitions for granite sidewalks were referred to the street commissioner, asking for walks on the following streets: south side of Oak street, north side of William street, Central street, and East Bowers street. A petition asking for a reduction in the amount charged for junk licenses was received. The annual report of the dog constable was received.

A resolution was passed requesting the General Assembly to pass an amendment to the General Laws, empowering the board of health to compel the removal of privy vaults. A petition to have the inner harbor dredged was laid on the table, but later was referred to a committee for investigation.

The board of aldermen called attention to the fact that the redistricting of the city for the election of members of the General Assembly may make it for the best interests of the city to change the existing ward lines. Mr. Levy introduced a resolution creating a committee of five to look into the matter and report, the resolution being passed.

A resolution was passed providing for the appointment of a committee to consider the advisability of ridding the city of rats and mice by the use of a new virus.

A resolution was passed appropriating \$500 for the use of the committee on the new police station. A resolution fixing the hours of labor of the gatekeepers on the railroad crossings was referred to the city collector. An ordinance was passed in amendment to the present ordinance defining the duties of the tax collector, changing the hours a little for the collection of taxes.

A resolution was passed to protect the interests of the city in land to be used for the erection of a wall on Wellington avenue. The council declined to suspend the rules to allow of the introduction of a resolution raising the pay of the employees of the highway department.

The council adjourned to meet at the call of the chair.

Former Mayor Daniel B. Fearling has resigned from the sub-committee of the Council on new police station and Mr. George Gordon King has been selected to fill the vacancy.

Dr. Nathan E. Estes of this city has been elected a member of the executive committee of the Eastern Alumni Association of Worcester Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Cowles and son have returned from a trip to England.

Death of Dr. Morgan.

Professor Morris Hickey Morgan, Ph.D., LL.D., died at an early hour Wednesday morning at the residence of Mr. Daniel B. Fearling, on Annandale road. Dr. Morgan was spending a few weeks in Newport as guest of Mr. Fearling having come here from Cambridge on account of ill health; caused by overwork. On Monday his condition assumed a very serious aspect, and, despite the fact that the best medical treatment was administered to him, he failed rapidly. His wife and mother, who were sent for, were with him at his death.

Professor Morgan was born in Providence, February 8, 1859, and was a son of Morris B. and Isabelle (Manton) Morgan. He graduated from Harvard University in the class of 1881. In 1887 he received the degree of master of arts and doctor of philosophy from Harvard and in 1890 received the honorary degree of doctor of laws from Hobart College. He was appointed a tutor at Harvard in 1883 and in 1891 was made assistant professor in Latin and Greek. Three years later he became assistant professor in Latin and since then has been professor of classical philology, succeeding in 1899 Professor Frederic DeForest Allen. He married Eleonora Seemee Gibson of Baltimore.

Professor Morgan and Mr. Fearling were classmates at Harvard and were warm, personal friends. The former was a great writer. Among his works are the following: "De Igna Elicendi Modis apud Antiquos," 1893; Dictionary to Xenophon's Anabasis, 1893; translations to Xenophon's "The Art of Horsemanship," 1893; Bibliography of Perseus, 1893; "The Phormio of Terence," 1895; "Eight Orationes of Lysias," 1895; "A School Latin Grammar," 1899; "The Minor Works of Tacitus," 1904, besides he wrote many interesting essays and reviews.

Funeral services were held at Appleton Chapel at Cambridge, Mass., yesterday afternoon, Bishop Lawrence and Rev. Prescott Everts of Cambridge officiating. The body was then taken to Providence for interment.

St. Patrick's Parade.

Many persons were disappointed at the appearance of snow on Thursday, St. Patrick's Day, but despite the inclemency of the weather, there was a large street parade. Had the weather been pleasant the ranks would have been greatly increased, however, as many of the older members were afraid to risk parading in the storm. At 11.20 the special train from Fall River arrived with 481 passengers and ten minutes later the electricians lauded the Providence visitors. The visitors were conducted to the various halls which had been designated as their headquarters and were warmly welcomed by those in waiting for them. The line was formed under the city hall and started about 12.33. The streets were crowded with people waiting anxiously to see the parade and many stores were closed on this occasion. There was a very liberal display of decoration throughout the city.

The funeral of John M. Buckley, who died at his home on Warner street on Saturday last, in the eighty-second year of his age, took place from St. Joseph's Church Tuesday morning and was very largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon King will be absent from Newport this summer, having planned to spend the season abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, who recently went abroad, will spend several weeks cruising about the Mediterranean.

Mr. John Gilpin has been at Lyndhurst, N. J., visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Gilpin.

Captain Chauncey Kenyon, who has been a visitor in Washington, has returned to Price's Neck Life Saving Station.

Mr. Lawrence W. Condray has returned from Hartford, Conn., where he was called by the death of his father.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Batney, Jr., have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Silberman, of New Haven, Conn.

Lieut. Samuel B. Thomas, U. S. N., has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Charles M. Thomas, on Ayrault street.

Mrs. Harold Brown has returned from a trip to New York, accompanied by Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore.

Mrs. William T. Rutherford, who has been seriously ill for many weeks, is convalescing.

Mr. Thomas W. Freeborne is confined to his home on Spring street by illness.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., is spending several weeks in California.

Ex-Mayor Daniel B. Fearling is ill at his residence on Annandale road.

School Committee.

At the regular monthly meeting of the school committee on Monday evening there was a talk and instruction in the Palmer method of business writing by Mr. Palmer, who explained the system in detail and enumerated its many advantages. After an hour had been devoted to this matter the committee took up its regular business.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the four weeks ending February 25, 1910, was 3,788; the average number belonging, 3,481; the average number attending, 3,220; the per cent of attendance 92.6; the cases of tardiness, 362; the cases of truancy, 80.

The total enrollment is 98 in excess of last year at the same date.

In the Townsend Industrial 1,238 pupils were enrolled from January 30 to February 25. The school day in the Townsend is divided into three periods: 8.45 to 10.30, 10.30 to 12.15, and 2 to 4. The five long afternoon periods are given to the five classes of grade IX. Their work requires more time and, if they please, they may remain after 4 o'clock without interfering with other school duties. During these 15 periods a week 1,119 grammar pupils receive instruction in woodwork, or in sewing and cooking. The remaining pupils come from the Rogers for mechanical drawing, wood and ironwork, or from St. Mary's for Sloyd in the regular periods or for cooking at 4 o'clock. One would not suppose that after 15 years of continuous work it would be necessary to explain these facts about the Townsend, but outside remarks show that they are not known by all.

Evening Schools.

Last Friday the evening schools completed their two terms of ten weeks each with the following record:

Elementary.	Enroll.	Attendance.
Mechanical drawing.	165	58.4
Freehand drawing.	85	15.8
Bookkeeping.	18	13.2
Stenography-typewriting.	34	16.0
Stenography-typewriting.	20	13.2
Total.	277	114.6

Board of Health.

Since the last meeting, February 14, the Board of Health has reported no cases of diphtheria and four cases of scarlet fever. Only one of the four was in school, but nine pupils were excluded because of the four.

Mumford School.

February 21, His Honor, Mayor Boyle, transferred by letter the Mumford School to the School Committee. The sub-committee of the school immediately arranged for a public inspection Monday evening, February 28. In spite of the heavy fall of rain, and of the fact that the building had been in use for nearly six months, many citizens were present and expressed their appreciation of this well-arranged, well-constructed and well-furnished schoolhouse. They also regretted the lack of an assembly hall.

Indianapolis.

Although your superintendent, on account of the illness of the clerk of this board, was unable to attend the national meeting of school superintendents, he acknowledges with pleasure the kindness of the Board in granting him permission to go to Indianapolis.

Coles Lectures.

Last Thursday Mr. Greenlaw, head of the science department of the Rogers, gave in the Coles laboratories the first of the two annual lectures. The subjects this year are: "Electric Waves in Relation to Wireless Telegraphy" and "Earth Catastrophes." A very attentive audience rewarded the speaker's effort to make a technical subject understood by those who have given only a little attention to it. These lectures, which began in 1904, are a valuable feature of the extension work of the school department.

Teachers' Retirement Fund.

To the \$28,184.45 reported as the total amount February 14, \$785.53 has been added. By subscription \$641 was obtained and by the sale held by the Calvert teachers \$116 was secured. These and the monthly payment of \$55.53 by the teachers make the grand total \$28,979.98.

The report of Trust Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 112; number of cases of truancy (public), 11; parochial, 2, 13; number out for illness and other causes, 99; number of different children truant, 12; number of certificates issued (14 to 15 years), 1; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under factory inspection law, 2.

The children whose names were presented for prosecution at your last meeting, I am pleased to state are doing much better.

I recommend the prosecution of Michael Hussy of 50 Burnside avenue for not attending school according to law.

After some discussion it was voted to have but one session of the schools on St. Patrick's Day, March 17. A committee consisting of Messrs. Cozzens, Porter and Peckham, was appointed to consider the condition of backward pupils who are unable to keep up with their classes, with a possible view of establishing special classes.

A letter from Miss Coates, suggesting an open air school for certain pupils whose health would be benefited thereby, was read, and after discussion the matter was referred to a committee consisting of Dr. Barker, Dr. Darrab and Mr. Sullivan to thoroughly investigate and report. The use of the hall in the Rogers High School was granted to the Current Topics Club and to the teachers in the Coddington School.

There was some talk about the teachers' retirement fund in response to inquiries as to when it would be available.

Recent Deaths.

Patrick J. O'Brien.

Mr. Patrick J. O'Brien died at his residence on Dearborn street Sunday. He was a gardener by trade, having worked for several well-known summer residents. The last place that he was employed was at Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs. He suffered from a bad cold which rapidly developed into pneumonia, followed by complications. Mr. O'Brien leaves a widow and six children. He was a member of Division No. 1, A. O. of H.

Funeral services were held from St. Mary's Church Wednesday morning and were largely attended.

John F. Lawton.

Mr. John F. Lawton died at the Newport Hospital on Tuesday, having been taken there for treatment last week. He had been in poor health for a long time and it was known that he could not recover. For years he was in the restaurant business and was known to his friends as "Jack" Lawton. He had a reputation for making excellent Chowders.

Mr. Otto James, organist at the Zabriskie Memorial Church, gave a piano recital in the Y. M. C. A. hall Monday evening. The audience was a large and appreciative one and all the selections were most artistically rendered. Mrs. James J. Rooney, who was to have sung, was unable to do so on account of illness and her place was filled by Mrs. Victor Baxter, who was never heard to better advantage than on this occasion, singing with much expression. She has a very sweet voice and received much applause at the close of each number. Mr. Baxter was the accompanist. Much credit is due Mr. James for the delightful enjoyment that was afforded all those who fortunate enough to be present, for it certainly was a musical treat and the enthusiasm shown speaks for itself—that most Newporters are appreciative of good music, either instrumental or vocal.

The Rev. Gustavus A. Hulbert was installed as pastor of the United Congregational Church before a large congregation on Thursday evening. The formal exercises were of a very impressive nature, many clergymen from Newport as well as from outside the city participating. Rev. Arthur Osborne Pritchard presided as moderator and delivered the charge to the pastor. The other clergymen taking part in the installation were Rev. William Bassford Jones, Rev. Cornelius S. Stowits of Port Henry, N. Y., Rev. Francis Brown, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary, Rev. James Austin Richards of Boston, Rev. Frank J. Goodwin of Pawtucket, and Rev. Edw. F. Barrow.

The entertainment committee of the Unity Club gave their second social in Chequing parlors Tuesday evening, with Mrs. Edith A. Barker acting as chairman. There was a pleasing program of reading and vocal and instrumental music. Among those taking part were Mr. A. Livingston Mason, Mr. Victor Baxter, Mr. Archie Stark, Miss Lilian Maher, Mrs. Leah Carroll and Miss Dorothy Rooney. Ice cream and cake were served at the close of the entertainment.

Messrs. Thomas P. Peckham and Peter King have returned from Charleston, S. C., where they went to visit Mr. Angus McLeod, the latter being there for the benefit of his health. On the return trip they stopped at Washington and called on Senator George Peabody Wetmore and Representative William Palmer Sheffield.

A complimentary dinner was tendered to Hon. Patrick J. Boyle, Mayor of Newport, at the Perry House on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. Many prominent citizens were present, and an excellent banquet was enjoyed. Judge Jeremiah P. Mahoney acted as toastmaster at the post-prandial exercises.

At a meeting of the Natural History Society, to be held at the Museum this evening, Mr. A. Edward Stone, the well known superintendent of Kingston Agricultural College, will be the speaker.

Miss Faith Sanford, daughter of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. James C. Sanford, U. S. Corps of Engineers, has called for Panama, where she will be guest of Colonel and Mrs. Hodges.

Mrs. Frederic P. Blinn and daughter of Perth Amboy, N. J., are visiting Mrs. Blinn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham, on Wesley street.

The condition of Dr. John H. Sanborn, city physician, who is ill at his home on Malbone avenue, does not show signs of improvement.

Mr. James P. Taylor was in New York the past week.

Dangerous Fire.

There was a two-alarm fire late Wednesday afternoon, the locality being such a dangerous one that it was thought best to have plenty of men and apparatus on the scene. Just before six o'clock the box 613 was struck from headquarters in response to a telephone message for a fire in the mill of Thomas F. Keeher on White's wharf near the Standard Oil tanks. The fire started near the drying room of the mill and there was much smoke pouring out of the windows. The first apparatus that arrived went to work and soon had the fire under control, but a second alarm was struck almost immediately after the first, because of the bad appearance of the fire.

The efforts of the firemen resulted in extinguishing the flames with a loss that will come well within \$2000, the amount of insurance on the building. The cause of the fire is not known, as everything appeared to be in a safe condition when the proprietor of the plant was last in the building.

The Navy Department on Tuesday issued an order to strike navy tug Nina off the navy list and the following words have been engrossed on the record: "Lost with all on board." This vessel sailed from Norfolk, Va., on February 6th, and as nothing has been heard of her since it is probable she sank off the Virginia Capes the same night she sailed. As no one is left to tell the story of the terrible disaster, the exact facts will probably never be known. The only trace found of her was one of her small boats. There were 32 men on board of her.

St. George's Church choir, under the leadership of Mr. C. Lefloy Grinnell, is preparing an elaborate program of music for Easter. At the early service Dr. H. H. Luther, tenor, and Mr. Ray Groll, Violist, will assist and at the other services Mrs. M. Van Houten (soprano), of the Boston Conservatory of music, will be the soloist, and Mr. A. Livingston Mason will play the euphonium.

The body of the late Danahot Clarke, a former Newport boy and one of the leading bankers of New York, was brought to this city for interment on Friday, funeral services being held at the Belmont Memorial Chapel at 8 o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. Stanley O. Hughes officiated. The remains were accompanied to Newport by immediate relatives only.

Mr. William O. Graham died suddenly at his home in Pawtucket on Saturday last week of heart trouble. He was a brother-in-law of Messrs. Henry F. and James J. Rooney of this city. His wife, who survives him, was Miss Louise E. Rooney of this city. The body was brought here for interment.

The derailment of four empty freight cars near Van Zandt avenue bridge late Thursday night blocked the track for a few hours, and passengers on the train due here at 10.30 were obliged to leave the train and take the electric for the short remaining distance.

Mr. Michael P. Hues died at the home of his sister in New Bedford Monday morning. He was a base ball player and had made a great record for himself in years gone by. He was a brother of Mrs. Thomas B. Connolly of this city.

An amateur performance of "Arrah-na-Pogue" was presented at the Opera House on Wednesday and Thursday evening by local talent and both performances were greatly enjoyed by the large audiences present.

Mr. Daniel Cooke is probably the oldest man in town. If our informant is correct he was 99 years old yesterday. Mr. Asa Hildreth will be 90 years old on the 30th of next August.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wiswell, formerly of this city, who have been running a moving picture house at Newburyport Mass, have sold out the business.

Among the Newporters at Bermuda are Messrs. Job A. Peckham, David T. Pinniger, and Alexander I. Peckham and Dr. N. G. Stanton.

Mr. Dudley S. Morgan, whose engagement to Miss Edith Colford was recently announced, was guest of Miss Colford's parents the past week.

Commodore and Mrs. Arthur Cortes James expect to arrive here about May, to occupy the handsome residence that they have had erected.

The report of the joint special committee on taxation laws is now in print. Those who desire a copy can obtain one at this office.

It will be a big occasion in Providence next Monday evening when President Taft will address an association of jewelers there.

The condition of Mr. Hurwood E. Read is regarded as critical.

Mr. H. M. Wilson is ill at his home in Middletown.

Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER III.

AS to the matter of talent, Mr. Cherub Devine was fastidious in but one particular. He was fond of fancy waistcoats. His fastidiousness began and ended with waistcoats. His trousers and coats were invariably of the same cloth and cut, summer and winter, year in and year out. His waistcoats betrayed a catholic taste for color and variety. Whenever he felt like indulging himself or celebrating a victory or forgetting a defeat he went out and bought a new waistcoat.

As he was "traveling light," he had brought to Hewington Acres a bare half dozen of them, and of these he had narrowed the choice to two—one a creation of tobacco brown silk with red dots in it, the other a white plique with buttons of smoked pearl. Which should he wear for a Sunday morning stroll in the garden? In the end he tossed a quarter. The brown silk won, much to his satisfaction, for he had a nebulous suspicion that the white one made his waist line appear more round than it really was.

Still, he was in the garden at 9 o'clock. Probably it was mere curiosity that led the Cherub to pace up and down the trimly kept walks for a long half hour. He was about to give up the vigil and leave when he caught sight of the countess peering from behind one of the stone pedestals.

Making a pretense of not having seen her, Mr. Devine sauntered by to the gate and seemed surprised when he found her before him. He noted that this morning she was in gray, with something white at her throat. He even remembered that last night she had worn black.

"You must not misunderstand my coming here," she began hurriedly. "It was very wrong of me to think of such a thing. I came only to tell you so."

"Anything new about me to the Sunday papers?"

"No, but papa was talking about you again last night, and he—"

"Oh, that's the trouble. He got out his scrap book. Which chapter of my many wickednesses furnished the text this time?"

"He read to me about that French singer."

"La Belle Savoy?"

"Yes; the one to whom you gave the diamond that which was stolen."

"Oh, yes. That was Kittle's birthday present. Nice little thing, Kittle. Her real name is O'Neill, you know."

The countess was retreating up the path, but she still kept her brown eyes fixed on Mr. Devine. There was a curious, apprehensive look in them, such as a small boy bestows on a cannon cracker to which he has touched a match.

"Yes, I ought to go directly back."

"But how about the reform?"

"I thought we were to have a talk and that you were going to give me some pointers on breaking into good society. You're not going to quit like this, are you?"

The countess shook her head.

"I was mistaken. It was very silly of me to make such a promise. But I—"

"Oh, can't you see? I ought not to be here talking to you at all."

"Well, why not? What's the particular matter with me, anyway?"

"It's only—only that—the countess glanced about in desperation.

"Well, I will ask you. Do you consider yourself a gentleman?"

For a moment Mr. Devine stared at her speechless. He had insisted on knowing, and now that he had her answer he was too much astonished to frame a reply. He had expected nothing of this kind. The question opened

"Oh, no, no! I did not mean to say that. I couldn't say it. I—I do not know you well enough. I merely asked you to decide for yourself."

The countess bit her lip from vexation. She was cornered and knew it. But was she beaten? Did you ever see a woman defeated by mere logic?

"That's unfair," she replied reproachfully. "You know I haven't said anything of the kind. All I did say was that I ought to go back, and I must."

"Then I suppose I'll just have to keep right on going to the dogs," observed the Cherub dolefully. "I didn't know I was quite such a hopeless case, though."

"Oh, it isn't that; it isn't that!" protested the countess.

"Must be," declared the Cherub. "If it wasn't you wouldn't run away like this. Why, I'm so bad that you won't talk to me. I don't suppose that you'd even shake hands with any one so wicked."

It may have been merely impulse, perhaps it was the pathetic spectacle of the Cherub's injured feelings—tears showed suddenly in the brown eyes of the countess.

"Oh, you mustn't feel that way—you mustn't," she pleaded. "Of course I will. There!"

Impulsively she extended both hands to him. Rather awkwardly Mr. Devine took them in his. Then he did not know what to do next, whether to let go or to hold on.

He had not fully decided when a tall, gray haired man of stern face and dignified bearing appeared behind them. He seemed very much astonished at the scene.

"Adele, who is this?" he demanded.

"This, father, is Mr. Devine. It was finely done—no hesitancy, no trembling of voice, no wavering of the eyes."

"Not the—the—"

"Yes, the Cherub. Isn't it, Mr. Devine?"

Mr. Devine nodded a good-natured assent.

"But, Adele, this is entirely unexpected. I had no idea that you were acquainted with this—Mr. Devine."

"I have only been telling him that I could not see him again during his stay."

"Ah! Quite proper. I am sure that Mr. Devine does not expect it. Good day, sir. Come, Adele."

Dutifully the countess followed her father out of the garden.

The ash on Mr. Devine's cigar, however, was not an eighth of an inch longer before he was surprised to see Mr. Hewington reappear before him. The Hewingtons, it seemed, were addicted to postscripts.

"Wonder if he's come back with a stick," reflected the Cherub.

But Mr. Hewington's manner was not openly hostile.

"It has just occurred to me, Mr. Devine," he began, "that you might fancy our attitude somewhat discourteous. If so, you are in error. We are merely maintaining under rather awkward conditions our customary reserve. Do you follow me, sir?"

"I get a glimmer now and then," complacently rejoined the Cherub. "You mean that you're not wicked."

Mr. Hewington smiled coldly at the metaphor. "Society is apt to make distinctions," he continued. "Perhaps you do not know that our family has been prominent since colonial times. My great-uncle married a son of the Marquis de Lafayette."

"Never met the gentleman," commented the Cherub.

"Probably not. He came to America in 1815."

"So? Then he got here before I did."

Mr. Hewington ignored this remark. "This estate, Mr. Devine, was part of the original grant. In my father's time it extended for fifteen miles along the sound. The old mansion, which stood for nearly a century, was honored by the presence of such men as Daniel Webster, President Tyler and others. Charles Dickens was a guest here during his tour of this country. In the present house the late Mrs. Hewington and myself have welcomed many distinguished personages. Then, as you know, my daughter is the Countess Vecchi, allied by marriage to one of the noblest families of Lombardy."

"Seems to be I heard something about that."

"Possibly, possibly," Mr. Hewington waved his eyeglasses impatiently. "I am telling you these things, Mr. Devine, that you may have a better understanding of our attitude. Since the death of the countess she has lived in seclusion. She has almost entirely withdrawn from society."

Mr. Devine looked keenly at the old gentleman. "I see," he observed.

"Kind of folks by herself. Well, I've no objection. I didn't come up here especially to get acquainted with you folks, you know. In fact, you and the countess were rather sprung on me as a surprise."

Mr. Hewington might have been seen to shudder. "My dear Mr. Devine," he protested, "I fear that you still fail to realize our position. Circumstances compel us to remain here during your stay. There is my sister—"

"Yes, I know all about that, and I wouldn't for the world disturb the sick lady. I'm just trying to be sociable. I want you to stay until you're ready to leave."

"You see, Mr. Devine, my plans for the immediate future are very uncertain."

"Yes, that seems to be the word. What does the countess say about it?"

"I never discuss matters of business with my daughter. Women do not understand such matters. Of course it is necessary to have her sign papers now and then. The lawyers insist on it, some of the property having been left to her, but I never try to explain things which I do not fully comprehend myself. The sale of this place, for instance, still perplexes me. I did not desire it at all. I suppose, however, that it was necessary as a matter of form. Probably you have a clearer notion of it than I, Mr. Devine."

"Your idea is a bit hazy," admitted the Cherub.

"Perhaps so, but I presume that your—er—possession here is only a

temporary arrangement. Matters will soon be adjusted, I suppose, when my attorneys finally get around to it. My daughter was more or less worried until I assured her that I would attend to the affair personally."

"Then she cheered up, didn't she?" Mr. Devine appeared to find the conversation entertaining.

"She was relieved, of course. But I have been so engrossed in preparing a pamphlet on—well, on a scientific subject which would not be of interest to you—that I have neglected to take the proper steps. However, now that you are so kindly understanding the situation, I trust that you will not act hastily."

"Oh, I didn't put you out or anything like that, Mr. Hewington. Make your mind easy on this score."

"It is very considerate of you, sir. Of course until the affair is settled we shall not encroach on your technical right of possession more than is absolutely necessary. If the present arrangement is satisfactory I would suggest that it be continued."

The Cherub favored Mr. Hewington with a wistful smile. "Well, we'll let the thing drift for awhile anyway. Only you don't have to act as though you were prisoners. Why don't you and the countess come down to your meals just as though I wasn't here?"

"My dear sir—Here Mr. Hewington began an exhaustive review of the situation. When he was through Mr. Devine chuckled gleefully. It was an amazingly simple proposition. The Hewingtons were the Hewingtons, and he—well, he was Cherub Devine. That told the story."

It was all done very courteously and delicately in Mr. Hewington's fine, aristocratic manner, yet nothing but the superlative ingenuity of Mr. Devine's audacious snarl saved him from being utterly crushed.

"I wish I could have dreams like that," soliloquized the Cherub when he had been left alone.

The possibilities incident upon acquiring a quiet country house were surprising to Mr. Cherub Devine.

"Let's see," he reflected. "I'm not exactly what you'd call an unwelcome guest, am I? I guess I must be an unwelcome host, then, and bugged if that isn't a new one on me. But there's worse and more of it. I'm no gentleman, for one thing. Then, if I'm to believe all I hear about myself, I'm a deep dyed villain and an unregenerate shaver who has lusted into his own house. Take it all around, things are pretty badly mixed. Wonder what program I ought to follow."

More or less thought did Mr. Devine bestow upon the Countess Vecchi during the next half hour. He had a well defined idea, had the Cherub, that his knowledge of women was vast and deep. Oh, he had seen lots of them! They had been of all kinds too. It was part of his philosophy that the wise man kept out of their way, that generally they meant mischief and that when they didn't they were most dangerous.

"No, thank you." This was the Cherub's attitude toward the sex. Our experience was quite enough for him, for there had been considerable to his affair with Kittle O'Neill, whom he had mentioned to the countess. He was hardly out of his teens then, to be sure, and Kittle, having achieved one and twenty, and a position in the second row of the chorus, had viewed his awkward advances with silent scorn until one eventful day when she had fully revealed her attitude by a sudden burst of derisive laughter. Cherub Devine's faith in womankind had been destroyed.

But in the presence of the Countess, Vecchi he forgot all his suspicions. He was quite sure that no one just like her had ever existed before. Therefore it was amazingly unjust that she should look upon him as an outcast or as a burning brand of sin. He couldn't tell her what a good fellow he was, and she had no chance of finding it out for herself so long as the old gentleman regarded him as socially unfit.

"I see!" exclaimed the Cherub at last. "I've got to qualify in his class. Well, here goes!"

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING decided upon his course of action, Mr. Devine promptly sought out the obsequious Timmins at his office in the stables.

"Been here some time, haven't you, Timmins?" he suggested.

"Come here as undergroom fifteen years ago, sir."

"Must know the old gentleman fairly well, then?"

"Lor, yes, sir! And he's a very fine old gentleman, sir, in his way."

"Sure," assented the Cherub. He had settled back in an office chair and was studying intently the varnished pine ceiling. "But what's his way?" he asked abruptly.

Timmins looked perplexed.

"Where are his short ribs?" went on Mr. Devine. "What's his strong suit?"

"Oh!" Timmins had translated Mr. Devine's figures of speech. "Well, sir, he's all wrapped up in the Countess Vecchi, sir, him being a widower for so long. Nearly knocked him out when the count turned out to be so bad. He was regular wicked, sir; played roulette most of the time. Why, they hadn't mended the church before he asks the countess for money and clothes her when she wouldn't get it for him."

"Who made that match, Timmins?"

"Mr. Hewington himself, sir. He was carried away with the idea of his daughter being a countess."

"Banks heavy on society, does he? Do the Hewingtons cut much of a figure now in the glidy whirly?"

"Lor, no, sir. Since they lost their money they've kind of dropped out of it all. It goes hard with the old gentleman, too, sir."

Mr. Devine smoked thoughtfully for several moments before asking, "Any real swell neighbors around here?"

"Lots of 'em, sir. It's a very select neighborhood, sir, as you'll find. Why, just above us are the Wilburs—Knickerbockers, sir. Above them are the Miller-Tremways—youngest daughter married into the Earl of Dippington's family and was received at court. And next below us are the Wallows, folks that has their own coat of arms and—"

"Not Nick Wallows?"

"He's the head of the family now, sir, Nicholas is."

"So Nick is a neighbor of mine, is he?"

"But they're very exclusive, the Wallows are, sir. They entertain lots of titled folks. They used to be very friendly here, sir, but none of them's been here now for nearly two years."

"Then it's time they came," declared Mr. Devine. "How about the other folks, the Wilburs and the Tremways?"

"Haven't been here for a long time either, sir."

"Very thoughtless of them, isn't it? But we'll fix that. Hitch up two or three of those glugsnap horses and take me over to the Wallows place."

"Today, sir?" Timmins stared his astonishment.

"No; right away."

"But it's Sunday, sir. Begging your pardon for being so bold, sir, but the Wallows don't receive on Sundays, sir, and they've got a bishop there."

"Good! I'm right at home when there's a bishop around. And I'll see about the receiving business. You just attend to the hooking up, Timmins."

So Timmins did, but it was with much concern for his professional dignity that he drove up to the imposing carriage entrance of the Wallows residence. The reception opened quite as he had feared. In fact, the Wallows' butler, who weighed twice as much as Eppings and was laugher in proportion, was coldly doubtful as to whether or not Mr. Nicholas Wallows could be seen. He surveyed the Hewington cobs with withering scorn and glanced with disapproving eye at Mr. Devine's tobacco brown waistcoat.

"I don't think Mr. Wallows is receiving today," he observed.

"Oh, that'll be all right, fatty," cheerfully remarked Mr. Devine. "You trot along in and tell Nick that Cherub Devine is out here."

The Wallows' butler gasped. Timmins trembled in his seat. Two minutes later Mr. Nicholas Wallows, much perplexed and not a little embarrassed, was escorting Mr. Devine past the awful presence of the stout butler and into the house.

A clean cut young man of sedate, somewhat stiff bearing and, with sober gray eyes was Mr. Nicholas Wallows. No one but the Cherub, not even Mr. Wallows's most intimate friends, over dreamed of calling him Nick.

Mr. Devine had never honored young Mr. Wallows with a social call before, but he had dropped in once or twice at the new offices of Wallows & Co., and his reception had been extremely cordial. In fact, Mr. Nicholas Wallows had felt himself singularly favored, and he said so, for his firm, in spite of the heavy mahogany desks and other expensive office trappings which seemed to proclaim a prosperous antebellum, was woefully lacking in just such customers as Mr. Devine could be if he chose.

To have the handling of some of the Cherub's extensive business would establish the firm on a basis where mahogany furniture would be something more than an enterprising presumption.

Mr. Devine assumed that if Mr. Wallows was glad to see him in his office he would feel the same about welcoming him to his home. That this was hardly a safe line of reasoning; any one who knew the Wallows at all would have known. Just a glance at the slight wrinkle between the gray eyes should have suggested that Mr. Wallows was somewhat perplexed and not a little ill at ease. But if the Cherub saw these indications he gave no hint. Mr. Wallows murmured something about a stock deal.

"Deal?" responded the Cherub lightly. "No; I'm not anxious about any deal, at least not today. But, by the way, I expect your firm will get some orders along about Tuesday. Sure thing! Yes; it is something about P. Z. and N. Heard about that, did you? Well, I'll need you Tuesday. I've had my eye on you for some time, and now that I'm a neighbor of yours—Yes; that's right. Got the next place above, Hewington Reds, or Acres, or something?"

"Do you mean to say that you own Hewington Acres? When did you get possession?"

"Oh, I bought it a couple of months ago, but I just ran up Friday night to look the place over. Say, it isn't a bad place, is it, Nick?"

"No, indeed. But what has become of the Hewingtons?"

"They're there yet, but they don't mingle much with me. I'm not in their class, it seems. Say, Nick, I wish you could have heard the countess telling me what she thought of me last night. You know the countess, of course?"

Mr. Nicholas Wallows looked a bit uncomfortable for a moment. "I used to know her very well, but I haven't seen her since she went abroad and married the count."

"She's a good deal of a hummer, the countess is," suggested the Cherub. "Not one of your front row amazons, you know, but a real nice little lady. Plenty of ginger about her, too. I should imagine, if she was stirred up."

It was with difficulty that Mr. Wallows found any response to make.

"Then—then you have made the acquaintance of Ad—of the Countess Vecchi?"

"Oh, sure! We've had a couple of cozy little chats together. I've had a talk with the old gentleman too. And, say, between 'em, bearing with they both think of me, I've got my chin down on my breastbone and my tail curled between my legs like a yellow dog that's been run over by a truck."

"You mean that they are unfriendly to you?"

"Well, that hardly does the case justice, but it'll pass. And that's what fetches me here this morning. You see, I've planned to stick it out there for another day or so. And, say, Nick, as an act of charity I want you to come around tonight and do a little gloom breaking. Bring the folks with you too."

"You—you wish me to visit you at

Hewington Acres—tonight?" in amazement.

"Sure! Nothing formal, you know; just an offhand dropping in, same as you might on any of your friends around here."

Mr. Wallows stared at him with a fascinated interest. The Cherub smiled blandly, confidently, in return.

"But we—we—there are guests, you know," weakly protested Mr. Wallows.

"Guests? Well, bring 'em along. I don't mind. The more the merrier."

Mr. Wallows hastened to mention that one was a bishop and named him impressively.

Mr. Devine slapped his knee joyously. "What! The funny little old chap with the white side whiskers and an equator like a Broadway cop? Is he down here? Say, Nick, that bishop is the real article, he is. Know him? Well, you ask him about coming over on the Lucania with Cherub Devine. Tell him I left a special invitation for him and see what he says."

"I will consult my mother. Thank you very much, Mr. Devine."

"Oh, that's all right. And, say, Nick, while you're about it just round up a few of the neighbors for me, will you? Those Wilburs and byphen Tremways and any others you think will do. Bring a mob—the house is big enough."

Young Mr. Wallows gasped.

"But—but—" he began in expostulation.

"Oh, r-s, you can if you go at it right," broke in the Cherub encouragingly. "They've all heard of me, I'll bet. Tell 'em I'm a freak, a curiosity—anything that'll fetch 'em fast enough. Any one staying at the Tremways? You don't say! Comes from Austria, doesn't he? Well, you tell the Tremways to bring the Baron along. Why, the Baron and I took the bath together at Baden Two-Times. The baron's all right too. Oh, he'll remember me. Say, what's the proper caper for a Sunday night spread—10? Half past 8? Well, call it 8:30 then. So long, Nick."

If the Cherub had used ropes and straps he could not have left young Mr. Wallows more incapable of moving from the chair in which he was sitting. For a long period he stared vaguely into space without stirring. Once or twice his lips murmured a name. It sounded something like Adele. Gradually, however, the Wallows' chin resumed its usual firmness. A look of resignation crept into the gray eyes. He rose stiffly, walked to the window and stared out.

"Perhaps—perhaps," he faltered, "he's right."

CHAPTER V.

CONSTERNATION fell upon Eppings when it occurred to Mr. Devine, along about 2 o'clock, to inform him that guests were expected at supper.

"Beg pardon, sir, but it's impossible, sir. We are not prepared. There's only a small fleet in the house, sir, and not a duck—not a single duck."

"Have squab, then."

"But, sir, we haven't!"

"Oh, don't go on telling me what you haven't got. Hush up anything. Make some sandwiches if you can't do better. Only don't come to me with your troubles. I'm no chef. But I'm going to have some friends here tonight, and I shall expect you to feed them. That's what you're here for, isn't it?"

"Ye-e-es, sir. At what hour, sir?"

"Eight-thirty, sharp."

"And how—how many plates, sir?"

"I don't know. Ten or fifteen or twenty. Better make it twenty, and then you can discard."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"That's the way to talk, Eppings."

Having made these offhand preparations, Mr. Devine sat himself down on the veranda. He heard a step and looked up to see before him the aristocratic figure of the Countess Vecchi's father. Mr. Hewington seemed somewhat agitated.

"You must pardon me, sir, for a seeming impertinence," he began, "but I have just learned by accident that you contemplate giving a party here tonight. Is it a fact?"

Mr. Devine nodded. "Just a few friends, a dozen or so."

"Ah! Friends of yours?" Mr. Hewington gave the words a significant emphasis. "Then would it not be—prudent—perhaps discreet—is the better word—for my daughter to go elsewhere for the night—to the hotel in the village perhaps?"

There was a twinkle in the Cherub's blue eyes as he responded, "Afraid of a rough house, are you?"

"My daughter, sir, is not exactly accustomed to—er—the kind of persons who might—"

"Oh, I see. Well, suit yourself about it—suit yourself. But it isn't at all necessary. I shall try to keep them quiet. There are to be only a few neighbors—the Wallows and—"

"The Wallows?"

"Yes, and the Wilburs and the Miller-Tremways and old Bishop Horton and a stray baron or two."

"Bishop Horton! Is Bishop Horton coming? Coming here?"

"Why, yes. The bishop's a friend of mine. Know him, do you?"

"We were college classmates, Mr. Devine," said Mr. Hewington.

"That so! I never went to college with the bishop, but I've crossed the ocean with him twice, and once I held his hat while he made a speech."

"Extraordinary!" said Mr. Hewington.

"Think so? It may seem a little queer to you, but the bishop doesn't appear to look at it that way. Come down and meet him and the rest of the folks, won't you? We're to have a little supper about half past 8. And, say, bring the countess—that is, unless you're afraid of the crowd."

This last was a violation of a paragraph in the Cherub's own code of ethics, a paragraph which read, "When the other fellow's down and out don't rub it in." But the words had escaped before he knew it. Fortunately Mr. Hewington did not seem to notice the allusion, for he retired, repeating in an undertone: "The Wallows! Bishop Horton! The Miller-Tremways!"

And sure enough, early in the even-

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There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration drive a nail into a board and you will find, with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of **DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY** slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the dread diseases of the kidneys and bladder, river, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

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Newport & Fall River Time Table.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, 4.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the hour and half past the hour until 11.00 p. m., then 1.15 p. m., 3.00 p. m., 4.00 p. m., 5.00 p. m., 6.00 p. m., 7.00 p. m., 8.00 p. m., 9.00 p. m., 10.00 p. m., 11.00 p. m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown, 5.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the hour and half past the hour until 10.00 p. m., then 1.15 p. m., 3.00 p. m., 4.00 p. m., 5.00 p. m., 6.00 p. m., 7.00 p. m., 8.00 p. m., 9.00 p. m., 10.00 p. m., 11.00 p. m., then same as week days.

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CHERUB DEVINE

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

ing the big rooms or the great house began to echo with the lively chatter of many guests. There was the portly Mrs. Willows, whose dinner dances were always such brilliant affairs; there were the haughty Willows, the byphenated Tremways and a half dozen others without whose names and pictures the Sunday supplements would be incomplete.

"They were somewhat disposed to look curiously upon Mr. Cherub Devine at first, but when the bishop had patted him affectionately on the shoulder and the baron had effusively embraced him the atmosphere thawed perceptibly.

"The one person who was least at his ease was young Mr. Willows. For while he was siffer than ever, and he had the air of one who expects something very embarrassing to happen.

But the Cherub was undisturbed. Whether Nick Willows had been influenced by that suggestion of future business or whether he had acted purely from motives of good fellowship he cared not. The thing had been done. The program which the Cherub had so hastily outlined that morning was being carried out. Moreover, his guests appeared to be enjoying the novelty.

In the course of half an hour even Nick Willows seemed to have become reassured that nothing untoward was about to happen. As a matter of fact, Mr. Devine was acquitting himself creditably.

"Isn't he unique? So charmingly naive!" whispered Mrs. Miller-Tremways.

"Perfectly delightful!" assented Mrs. Willows. "He says such odd things."

"So glad you're to be a neighbor of ours," the latter assured Mr. Devine. "And how do you like Hewington Acres?"

"Oh, it's a good deal like living in Central park," observed the Cherub; "grass looks as if it had had a share, a hair cut and a shampoo, you know! All the place lacks are some benches and urinals and baby carriages. I may have to bring those up here until I get used to it."

"Is it true, Mr. Devine," demanded Mrs. Willows, "that you started on your financial career with only a few thousand dollars?"

"Few thousand!" echoed the Cherub. "Why, I've seen the time when I would have made me dizzy just to think of having a whole thousand!"

"Do tell us about it, Mr. Devine," urged Mrs. Willows, adjusting her bonnet.

"Go ahead, Cherub. I want to hear that yarn, too," seconded Nick Willows. "That was before you came east, wasn't it?"

"Yes; that was in Chicago," said the Cherub. "I began as office boy and

mo. They told each other that Mr. Devine was delightfully original.

In spite of Epplings' fears it was a very good supper, but Mr. Devine took no note of it. He was thinking about the countess.

It was toward the close of the affair that the bishop took Mr. Devine one side and asked, "Do you know what has become of the Hewingtons?"

"Sure!" said the Cherub. "They're all upstairs in retreat."

"In retreat! What do you mean, Devine?"

"It's because of me, you know. They don't approve of me. Mr. Hewington's writing a book about my wicked ways—gets his material from the newspapers. It'll be a thick book, I guess."

"Now, if that isn't just like De Courcy!" exclaimed the bishop. "Splendid fellow, though, in his way."

"So I've heard."

"If you don't mind, Devine, I'll run up and see him for a few minutes before I go."

"Oh, help yourself. They're somewhere on the top floor behind a barricade."

"I'll bring him out of that," said the bishop. But he had not reckoned on the full strength of Mr. Hewington's prejudice.

"It's not on my account, my dear bishop," said Mr. Hewington, "but I must guard my daughter from such association."

"Nonsense, De Courcy! Devine lacks polish, perhaps, but at heart he is an honest chap. Come down and meet him and bring Adele."

"No, no; I couldn't think of it!" firmly responded Mr. Hewington. "We shall remain here until he goes away." So the bishop went back alone.

When it was over, when the last of them had gone, Mr. Cherub Devine, groping about for some fitting term to express the situation, remarked emphatically:

"That's what I call playing a four flush against a full house. Guess I'll take another stack, though."

GIVES DINNER TO REPORTERS

Roosevelt Incidentally Pumps
Them Good and Plenty

PROVES A GOOD INTERVIEWER

**Sidesteps Attempts to Get His Views
on American and European Politics
and Says There Will Be Nothing
Doing Along That Line—Came Near
Cabling Congratulations to Cook on
Discovery of Pole**

Khartoum, the Sudan, March 18.—Former President Roosevelt felt better now, for he knows what has happened in the twelve months that he has been in the wilderness.

The group of correspondents who came thousands of miles to get his views on Africa and world politics found out what some of them long have known: that when he does not want to talk for publication, Colonel Roosevelt can be as tight as money in a Wall street panic. In addition he has shown again that he is just about the best interviewer in the world himself.

He gave the correspondents a dinner aboard the steamer Dal and it was late when he let go the pump which he applied to the correspondents singly and together. If there is any question which he did not ask, the boys said later, they could not recall it.

The political situation in New York, Ohio, in Washington, the "mole-factors of great wealth," the anti-trust suits, the Cook-Pearcy Polar controversy, all had their moment in his lightning indignation.

With that old-time Roosevelt candor, the colonel blurted out that he had a narrow escape from sending a cable of congratulation to Dr. Cook when he first learned that Cook had reached the Pole.

"Narrow escape, wasn't it," he laughed. "I'm mighty glad my old friend Percy got there. It is one of the greatest exploits in the history of human exploration. And isn't it fine to think of Old Glory flying away up on top of the earth? I'm mighty glad an American did it. It's bully, that's what it is."

Throughout the long dinner, with every trained correspondent using every particle of his science to lure Roosevelt into some statement on world affairs, especially the American political and industrial situation, the former president laughed and questioned, and the net result for publication was in need of just one word for the cables.

"Nothing." That, essentially, tells what Roosevelt said. "I have nothing to say and shall have nothing to say on American or European politics, on any political question or on any phase or incident connected with politics," said Mr. Roosevelt. "I shall give no interviews, and anything purporting to be in the nature of an interview can be accepted as false. This applies during my entire stay in Europe."

Roosevelt was frankly delighted to hear of the big things doing in preparation to welcome him home.

"I thought they went the limit when I came away," he said with lots of enthusiasm, "but it is good to hear you boys say I'm still in good standing. I'm mighty glad to be on the way home. I assure you."

Mr. Roosevelt is hard at work completing the story of his African hunt, and will also spend much of the time between now and his arrival at Naples in the preparation of the lectures that he is to give in Paris, Berlin and London.

Four days will be spent in Khartoum, the party leaving Thursday. The entertainment, while unofficial in character, will, nevertheless, be on a lavish scale.

Leaving Khartoum, stops will be made at Assuan and Luxor, where the old palaces will be visited.

ROOSEVELT AT KHARTOUM

**Meets His Wife and Daughter on the
Border of Civilization**

Khartoum, March 15.—Theodore Roosevelt and his party arrived here at 5 o'clock Monday afternoon. The former President of the United States received a most flattering reception.

Upon the pier Roosevelt was pressed by an enormous and enthusiastic crowd, but his escort saved him from any possible discomfort. He was at once escorted to the palace of the sirdar, at the steps of which he was received by the high Sudan officials. The stay at the palace was brief, Roosevelt hurrying away to the railroad station to meet Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Roosevelt.

Colonel Roosevelt arrived at the station in time to meet his wife and daughter upon their arrival. His family reunion after a year's separation was in strict privacy. In the station-room were only Theodore and Edith Roosevelt, and their son and daughter, Kermit and Ethel. After a few moments of seclusion a very happy appearing family emerged from the station and proceeded to the palace. Last evening no one was permitted to disturb the privacy of the Roosevelts.

For Supreme Court to Settle
Washington, March 18.—The final argument of the suit to dissolve the Standard Oil company of New Jersey as a conspiracy and a monopoly in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law has been made and the supreme court of the United States took the matter under consideration.

ALLEGED BIGAMIST—LD

Franklin Warren May Resist Extradition From Rhode Island
Providence, March 18.—After pleading not guilty to a charge of being a fugitive from justice, Franklin H. Warren of Boston was held in \$1000 bonds by Judge Gorham. Warren was arrested in Providence following his indictment by the Suffolk (Boston) grand jury on a charge of bigamy.

It is alleged that Warren, against whom his wife has instituted divorce proceedings, abducted the two children from the home of Mrs. Warren's mother in Boston last week. It is understood that he will resist extradition.

The two children, Phyllis and Adrienne, were restored to the mother under mysterious circumstances, in this city last night. The woman holding them in charge gave them up of her own volition, feeling that she herself might be arrested. The matter of restoring them did not come under the scope of the authorities here at all.

WOMEN CANNOT VOTE

**Effort to Grant Them Privilege in
Lynn Is Turned Down**

Lynn, Mass., March 17.—At a meeting of the committee which was appointed by Mayor Rich to draw up a new city charter, the members were thrown into a great uproar as a result of a suggestion from two of its members in regard to an amendment being made to the charter to give the women of the city the right to vote and hold public office.

Alderman Pyne and Attorney O'Keefe of the committee spoke at considerable length upon the advisability of giving the women of Lynn the right to vote and of holding municipal offices, with the exception of that of mayor.

After considerable argument in favor of the amendment by these two men, the proposition was discarded by a vote of 5 to 2.

BREACH OF PROMISE

VERDICT OF \$43,500

**Miss Orr's Child Proves to Be
Chief Factor in the Case**

Boston, March 15.—The jury returned a verdict of \$43,500 in the breach of promise suit of Marion Orr against William Wood, of Portland, Me. For the assault \$1000 was allowed; for the loss of her services to her father, \$2500 damages; for breach of promise to marry, \$10,000.

This is the largest verdict ever awarded in Suffolk county in a similar suit. Miss Orr sued for \$50,000 and her father \$10,000 for loss of services.

The chief factor in the case was the presence in the courtroom of the golden haired child of the defendant. There were tears in the eyes of all when Miss Orr's counsel in scathing terms denounced Wood for the wrong he had done the girl and his desertion of her at the end of their relations.

MAYOR WIELDS THE AXE

**Two Members of Salem's License
Board Are Ousted**

Salem, Mass., March 18.—Accusing Edward B. Trumbull and Morgan J. McSweeney, two of the three license commissioners, of failure to perform their duties, Mayor Howard last night dismissed them from office.

This step was taken after the mayor, personally and through agents, had made thorough inspection of conditions in several sections of the city. The ousted commissioners propose to bring court proceedings.

MUST PRODUCE BOOKS

**Supreme Court Justice Orders Beef
Men to Expose Records**

Trenton, March 15.—The National Packing company lost its fight to hide the minutes of its directors' meeting from the Hudson county grand jury when Supreme Court Justice Swayne signed an order for the production of the records.

The signing of the order is regarded as a big victory by the prosecutor in his fight to jail the men whom he holds responsible for the high prices of meat.

Stork and Cupid Busy in Boston
Boston, March 17.—In 1903 there were 7793 marriages in Boston against 8065 in 1905, according to City Registrar McElhenny. In 1903 just 18,463 babies were born in Boston, and it is estimated that when all the returns are in this figure is likely to reach 18,500 for 1909.

Two Smugglers Admit Guilt
Augusta, Me., March 17.—Joseph Markee of Van Buren and Fred Barker of Presque Isle pleaded guilty to charges of smuggling before Commissioner Farrington. The men were held for the grand jury of the United States circuit court at Portland.

Hoppe Is Billiard Champion
Chicago, March 17.—While Hoppe of New York won the 18-1 ball line billiard championship of the world by defeating George Sinton of Chicago, 500 to 225. Hoppe's average was 16.20-30, and Sinton's 15-23.

Electrocuted at Steel Machine
Pittsfield, Mass., March 17.—Electrocuted by a current of heavy voltage, George Alberto, 25 years old, was found leaning against a machine in the drill room of the Stanley machine plant here. A fuse that had been pulled out, diverting the current to the steel machine, explained the tragedy.

COUNTRESS LEARY

Is to Found a Great
Columbus Memorial



EASTER GIFT OF \$500,000

Value of Deed to Be Given by
Mrs. Hetty Green

LEARY COLUMBUS MEMORIAL

**Wealthy Woman Financier Interested
In Plan of Countess and Will Do-
nate Valuable Land Toward En-
largement of Columbus University—
Founded in 1907, Projectors Hope to
Make It Institution of Free Education**

New York, March 18.—Reports from authoritative sources indicate that Mrs. Hetty Green is to make an Easter offering of an entire block of land, worth \$500,000, facing on Fifth avenue somewhere between Eightieth and Ninetieth streets, to the Christopher Columbus university, founded in 1907 by Miss Annie Leary. Mrs. Green and Miss Leary have been friends for years.

Mrs. Green is said to have determined on the gift because of her approval of the plan of Miss Leary to establish a lasting memorial to Christopher Columbus in the form of a free university. It is proposed to build a great memorial to Christopher Columbus that will be an educational institution at the same time.

The university already exists, with headquarters at 43 Charlton street, this city, where sixty Italian-American pupils are accommodated. The plan has prospered so well and its extension has become so imperative that when Mrs. Green learned of it she decided to make an Easter offering to it in the form of a deed to the foundation of a large building.

At the home of Miss Leary on Fifth avenue, it was intimated that the land had been given. It was announced there that she was out of town and would make known whether the gift had been made upon her return, about Easter.

Thomas Gillman, a lawyer, is one of the incorporators of the institution. He said that Mrs. Green is interested in the work Countess Leary is doing among the Italian immigrants.

Miss Leary was made a countess by the pope in recognition of her philanthropic deeds.

KING EDWARD'S ILLNESS

**Each Little Relapse Leaves the
Monarch Somewhat Weaker**

St. Petersburg, March 17.—King Edward has suffered a relapse and is feeling very much worse. He was out earlier in the week, but has not left his room since Tuesday. His throat is troubling him more than ever, and his general condition is poor.

The king has not been really well for two years, and each little relapse leaves him somewhat weaker.

He came to St. Petersburg for a rest. He has not been seen as much as usual about the walks or drives and the bad news has cast a gloom about the watering place.

GOVERNMENT ISSUES FAMILY COOKBOOK

**Gives Receipts and Information
Concerning Meat**

Washington, March 18.—The increased cost of living has prompted the department of agriculture to instruct housekeepers of the country how to make the cheaper cuts of meat palatable and appetizing, and to this end a manual of economy in meat cooking has been prepared containing a variety of recipes and general information.

"Economic Use of Meats in the Home" is the title of the manual which may be procured by addressing a request to the secretary of agriculture. The department officials state that cheap cuts are most difficult to prepare.

TAFT'S DAY IN CHICAGO

**Really the Central Figure of the St.
Patrick Celebration**

Chicago, March 18.—St. Patrick was not only remembered in Chicago, but the brunt of the celebration fell upon President Taft. During the day he spoke to members of the Chicago Newspaper club, the Traffic club, to a mass meeting, to members and guests of the Hamilton club, and twice at functions provided by the Irish Fellowship club, which was his host for the day.

In these speeches the president touched on "statesmen correspondents" who colored facts to suit their views. To the railway men composing the Traffic club he expressed his trust in the sense of justice of the American people.

In his address at the banquet of the Irish Fellowship club the president said that in all the wars of the United States Irishmen have been in the front, always daring and effective.

OPENING OF NEW MUSEUM

**Will Ultimately Develop Into Nation-
al Gallery of Art**

Washington, March 17.—No formal ceremonies occurred at the opening of the National Museum today, though the event marks the beginning also of a national gallery of art. While the building is not finished and will not be for six months, the completed portions will be opened and many of the collections are in place.

There will be seven galleries, and the entire building will have two acres of floor space. It has been building six years and will cost \$3,600,000.

The Mr. Vernon collection, containing many of the belongings of George Washington, is in the main hall. The Evans collection of 100 paintings and the Johnston collection are there.

An ethnological exhibit, collections of war relics and other exhibits of interest, as well as other works of art, will fill its halls.

A STATE-WIDE STRIKE

**Plan to Put It Into Effect in Penn-
sylvania Next Week**

Philadelphia, March 18.—Nothing definite having been accomplished by the several conferences held by persons interested in trying to bring a settlement of the street car men's strike, the committee of ten announced last night that President Greenwald of the State Federation of Labor would call the state-wide strike next Monday.

The labor leaders say they have already received assurances that men in Pittsburgh, Erie, Scranton and Wilkesbarre and a number of other cities in the state will join in the movement.

End of Thread Mills Strike

Pawtucket, R. I., March 17.—A decision to yield all points at issue and return to work on Monday next was reached by the operatives of the thread mills of J. & P. Coats, Limited, which have been shut down for some time past.

Tillman Leaves For Home

Washington, March 17.—Senator Tillman has so far recovered that he left Washington yesterday afternoon for his home at Trenton, S. C., accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Rockefeller Bill Favorably Reported

Washington, March 17.—In the senate Senator Gallinger reported favorably the bill to incorporate the Rockefeller Foundation.

CUTICURA CURED HIS SORE EYES

**When 63 Years Old Eye-Balls and
Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—
Was Unable to Go About—Home
Remedies and Professional Treat-
ment were Equally Unsuccessful**

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies, without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since. I was then sixty-three years old and am now sixty-five. I shall never fail to speak a word of praise for the Cuticura Remedies when I have an opportunity, and I trust that this letter may be the means of others being cured as I have been." G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Grayson Co., Va., Apr. 4, 1903.

TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE: HAS NO MORE TROUBLE

"I have been suffering from sore eyes for many years, and have tried every remedy, but without success. I was advised by a friend to use Cuticura, and after using it for a few days my eyes were completely cured. I have no more trouble now." J. H. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Grayson Co., Va., Apr. 4, 1903.

SKINS ON FIRE

**With Torturing, Disfiguring
Eczemas, Rashes**

And other itching, burning, bleeding, scaly and crusty skin and scalp humors are instantly relieved, and speedily cured, in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, and the use of Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), to purify the blood. Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

Persons desiring to know more about Cuticura Remedies, and how to use them, should send for a free booklet, "The Skin and Scalp," which will be sent to you by mail, if you will send for it to the Cuticura Remedies, P. O. Box 103, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

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CONDENSED STATEMENT —OF THE—

Newport Trust Company,

At the close of business January 31, 1910.

ASSETS.	
Stocks and Bonds	\$745,417 57
Loans and Discounts	566,046 16
Banking House & Safe Deposit Vaults	169,000 00
Due from National Banks and Trust Co.'s	86,204 29
Due from Treasurer U. S.	5,000 00
Cash	91,497 18
	\$1,663,165 20
LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$300,000 00
Surplus and Profits	123,975 05
Deposits	1,239,190 15
	\$1,663,165 20

ANGUS MCLEOD, President.
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Vice President,
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

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Tales For a Winter Evening

The Meanness of Rosy

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CAP'n JONADAB said that the south seas and them islands was full of queer happenings, anyhow. Said that Frit's yarn reminded him of one that Jule Sparrow used to tell. There was a cockney in that yarn, too, and a south sea woman and a schooner. But in other respects the stories was different.

"You all know Wash Sparrow, here in Wellmouth," says the cap'n. "He's the funniest man in town. It runs in his family. Wash's brother Jule—Jule Caesar Sparrow—he was as no account and lazy as the rest. When he was around this neighborhood the only thing that would get him stirred up at all was the mention of a feller named 'Rosy' that he knew while he was seafaring way off on 'other side of the world. Jule used to say that 'twas this Rosy that made him lose faith in human nature."

"The first time ever Jule and Rosy met was one afternoon just as the Emilly—that was the little fore and aft south sea trading schooner Jule was in—was casting off from the ramshackle landing at Heliol Island. Course that ain't the real name of it. The real one is spelled with four o's, three a's, five i's and a peck measure of b's and x's more in to fill up. No white man ever said the whole of it. Them that tried always broke down on the second fathom or so and said 'Oh, hereafter' or words to that effect. Course the missionaries see that wouldn't do, so they, twisted it stern first, and it's been Heliol Island to most folks ever since."

"Why Jule was at Heliol Island is too long a yarn. Billed down it amounts to a voyage on a bark out of Seattle, and a first mate like yours, Eel, who was a kind of Christian Science chap and cured sick sailors by the laying on of hands—like-wise feet and belying p's and ax handles and such. Him and Jule had their final argument one night when the bark was passing abreast one of the Navigator Islands, close in. Jule hove a marline spike at the mate's head and jumped overboard. He swum ashore to the beach, and inside of a week he'd shipped aboard the Emilly."

"George Simmons, a cockney Britisher he was and skipper, was standing at the schooner's wheel, swearing at the two Kanaka sailors who were basting the jib. Julius, who was mate, was roosting on the lee rail amidships, helping him swear. And old Teunis Van Dooren, a Dutchman from Java or thereabouts, who was cook, was setting on a stool by the galley door ready to heave in a word whenever 'twas necessary. The Kanakas was doing the work. That was the usual division of labor aboard the Emilly."

"Well, just then there comes a yell from the bushes along the shore. Then out of them bushes comes tearing a little man with spectacles and a black enamel cloth cap, heaving sand like a steam shovel and seemingly trying his best to fly. And astern of him comes more yells and a big, husky Kanaka woman, about eight foot high and three foot in the beam, with her hands stretched out and her fingers crooked."

"Julius used to swear that that beach was all of twenty yards wide and that the little man only lit three times from bush to wharf. And he didn't stop there. He fired the carpetbag at the schooner's stern and then spread out his wings and flew after it. His fingers just hooked over the rail, and he managed to haul himself aboard."

"Cap'n George Simmons looked down at the wrecked flying machine and granted."

"Dumph!" says he. "You don't look like a man the girls would run after. Lady your wife?"

"The little feller bobbed his specs up and down."

"So?" says George. "Ow, can I bear to leave thee, 'ey? Well, ain't you ashamed of yourself to be running off and leaving a nice, handsome, able-bodied wife like that? Look at 'er now over there on 'er knees a-praying for you to come back."

"She ain't praying, her husband pants, ducking down again quick. 'She's a-picking up stones'."

"And so she was. Julius said he thought sure she'd care in the Emilly's ribs afore she got through with her broadsides. The rocks flew like hail. Everybody got their share, but Cap'n George got a big one in the middle of the back."

"You miserable four-eyed shrimp!" he says. "'Zwould serve you right if I 'ove to and made you swim back to 'er. Blow me if I don't believe I will!"

"Aw, don't, cap'n! Please don't!" begs the feller. "I'll be awful grateful to you if you won't. And I'll make it right with you too. I've got a good thing in that bag of mine—yes, sir, a beautiful good thing."

"Oh, well," says the skipper, bracing up and smiling sweet as he could for the ache in his back, "I'll 'elp you out. You trust your Uncle George. Not on account of what you're going to give me, you understand," says he. "It would be a pity if that was the reason for 'elpin' a feller creg—Sparrow, if you touch that bag I'll break your blooming 'ead. 'Ere, you; and it to me. I'll take care of it for the gentleman."

"All the rest of that day the cap'n couldn't do enough for the passenger. Give him a big dinner that took Teunis two hours to cook and let him use his own pet pipe with the last of Jule's tobacco in it, and all that. And that evening, in the cabin, Rosy told his

story. Seems he come from Bombay originally, where he was born an innocent and trained to be a photographer. 'Twas in the days when these hand cameras wa'n't so common as they be now, and Rosy—his full name was Clarence Rosebury, and he looked it—had a fine one; also he had some plates and photograph paper and a jug of 'developer' and bottles of stuff to make more, wrapped up in an old overcoat and packed away in the carpetbag. He had landed in the Fiji's first off and had drifted over to Heliol Island, taking pictures of places and natives, and so on, intending to use 'em in a course of lectures he was going to deliver when he got back home. He boarded with the Kanaka lady at



"I've got a good thing in that bag of mine."

Heliol. His money give out, and then he married her to save board. He wouldn't talk about his married life, just shivered instead."

"But what about this good thing you was mentioning, Mr. Rosebury?" asks Cap'n George, polite, but starting hard at the bag."

"That's it," answers Rosy, cheerful."

"What's it?"

"Why, the things in the grip, the photograph things. You see, my experience has convinced me that there's a fortune right in these islands for a photographer who'll take pictures of the natives. They're all dying to have their photographs took. Why, when I was in Heliol Island I could have took dozens, only they didn't have the money to pay for 'em, and I couldn't wait till they got some. But you've got a schooner. You could sail around from one island to another, me taking pictures and you getting copra and—pauls and things from the natives in trade for 'em."

"Old on!" Cap'n George had been getting redder and redder in the face while Rosy was talking, and now he fairly blazed over, like a teakettle. "Old on!" he roars. "Do I understand that this is the good thing you was going to let me in on—me to cruise you around from Dan to Beersheba, feeding you and giving you tobacco to smoke?"

"'Twas my tobacco," breaks in Julius."

"Shut up! Crutzing you around, and you living on the fat of—of—the river and me trusting to get my pay out of flatypes of Kanakas! Was that it? Was it?"

"Why—why, yes," answers Rosy. "But, cap'n, you don't understand."

"Then," says George, standing up and rolling up his pajama sleeves, "there's going to be justifiable 'omicide committed right now."

"Jule said that if it hadn't been that the skipper's sore back got to hurting him he don't know when him and the cook would have had their turn at Rosy, 'cause they wanted a turn on account of the tobacco and the dinner, not to mention the stone bruises. When all hands was through, that photographer was a spilled negative."

"And that was only the beginning. They made him work his passage, and every mean and dirty job there was to do he had to do it. They took his clothes away from him, and while they lasted the skipper had three shirts at once, which hadn't happened afore since he served his term in the Sydney jail. And he was such a comfort to 'em. Whenever the dinner wa'n't cooked right, instead of blaming Teunis they took it out of Rosy. By the time they made their first port they would not have parted with him for no money, and they looked him up in the fo'castle and kept him there. And when one of the two Kanaka boys ran away they shipped Rosy in his place by unanimous vote. And so it went for six months, the Emilly trading and stealing all around the south seas."

"One day the schooner was off in an out of the way part of the ocean, and the skipper come up from down below, bringing one of the photographing bottles from the carpetbag."

"See 'ere," says he to Rosy, who was swabbing decks just to keep him out of mischief, "what kind of a developer stuff is this? It has a mighty familiar smell."

"That ain't developer, sir," answers Rosy, meek, as usual. "That's alcohol. I use it."

"Alcohol?" says George. "Do you mean to tell me that you've had alcohol aboard all this time and never said a word to one of us? If that ain't just like you! Of all the ungrateful beasts as ever I—"

"When him and the other two got through convincing Rosy that he was ungrateful they took that bottle into the cabin and began experimenting. Julius had lived a few months in Maine, which is a prohibition state, and so he knew how to make alcohol 'splits—one-half wet fire and the rest water. They split for five days. Then the alcohol was all out and the Emilly was all in, being store up on a coral reef two mile offshore of a little island that nobody'd ever seen afore."

"They cut into the boat—the four

white men and the Kanaka—busted the wall and headed for the beach. They landed all right and was welcomed by a reception committee of fifteen husky cannibals with spears, dressed mainly in bone necklaces and sunshades."

"The darkies tied 'em up good and proper, and then held a committee meeting, arguing, so Julius called it, whether to serve 'em plain or with greens. 'While the rest was mucking up the bill of fare a few set to work unpacking the bags and things, Rosy's satlel among 'em. Pretty soon there was an awful jabbering. They was wildly excited, and two or three of 'em was waving square pieces of cardboard in their hands."

"And here's where the Emilly's gang had a streak of luck. The Kanaka sailor couldn't talk much English, but it seems that he could manage to understand a little of their lingo."

"Picture!" says he, crazy-like with joy. "Picture, cappy! picture!"

"When Rosy was new on board the schooner he'd taken the cap'n's picture and Julius and Van Dooren's."

"The pictures was a rogues' gallery that would have got 'em hung on suspicion, anywhere in civilization, but these darkies wa'n't particular. Anyhow, they must have been good likenesses, for the committee see the resemblance right off."

"They think witchcraft," says the Kanaka. "Want to know how make?"

"Lord!" says George. "You tell 'em we're witches from Witch Center. Tell 'em we make them kind of things with our eyes shut and if they eat we'll send 'em flatypes to 'aut 'em into their graves. Tell 'em that quick."

"Well, I guess the Kanaka obeyed orders, for the islanders untied the feet of their Sunday dinners, got 'em into line and marched 'em off across country, prodding 'em with their spears, either to see which was the tenderest or to make 'em step livelier. I don't know which."

"Julius said that was the most nervous walk ever he took; said afore 'twas done he was so leaky with spear holes that he cast a shudder like a skimmer. Just afore sunset they come to the other side of the island, where there was a good sized native village with houses made of grass and cane and a big temple-like in the middle, decorated fancy and cheerful with skulls and sparrings. There was a great chair arrangement in front of the temple, and on it was the fattest, ugliest old liver colored woman that Julius ever see. She was rigged up regardless with a tooth necklace and similar jewelry, and it turned out that she was the queen of the bunch. Most of them island tribes have chiefs, but this district was strong for woman's suffrage."

"Well, the visitors had made a bit, but Rosy's photographs made a bigger one. 'The queen and the headmen of the village pawed over 'em and compared 'em with the originals and powdered like a sewing circle. Then they called up the Kanaka sailor, and he preached witchcraft and hoodooes to beat the ears, lying as only a feller that knows the plates are warning for him on the back of the stove can lie. Finally the queen wanted to know if the 'long p's' could make a witch picture of her."

"Tell 'er, yes," yells George when the question was translated to him. "Tell 'er we're picture makers by special appointment to the queen and the Prince of Wales. Tell 'er we'll make 'er look like the sweetest old chocolate drop in the fatty shop. Only be sure and say we must 'ave a day or so to work the spells and put on the kibosh."

"So 'twas settled, and dinner was put off for that night, anyhow. And the next day being sunny, Rosy took the queen's picture. 'Twas an awful strain on the camera, but it stood it fine, and the photograph he printed up that afternoon was the most horrible collection of mince pie dreams that ever a sane man run afoul of."

"But her majesty thought they was lovely and set and grinned proud at 'em for hours at a stretch. And the wizards was untied and fed up and given the best house in town to live in. And Cap'n George and Julius and the cook got to feeling so cheerful and happy that they begun to kick Rosy again, just out of habit. And so it went on for three days."

"Then comes the Kanaka interpreter, grinning kind of foolish."

"'Cappy," says he, "queen likes you. She likes you much lot."

"Well," says the skipper, modest, "she'd ought to. She don't see a man like me every day. She ain't the first woman," he says."

"She like all you gentlemen," says the Kanaka. "She say she want witch husband. One of you got marry her."

"Hey?" yells all hands, setting up. "Yes, sir. She no care which one, but one white man must marry her tomorrow, else we all go chop plenty quick."

"Chop is Kanaka English for 'eat.' There wa'n't no need for the boy to explain."

"Then there was times. They come pretty nigh to a fight, because Teunis and Jule argued that the skipper, being such a ladies' man, was the natural born choice. Just as things was the warmest Captain George had an idea."

"Rosy!" says he.

"But Rosy wa'n't agreeable. Julius said he never see such a stubborn mule in his life. They tried every reasonable way they could to convince him, pounding him on the head and the like of that, but 'twas no go."

"I got a wife already," he says, whimpering."

"I tell you, says Julius. 'We'll be square and draw straws!'"

"Wait!" hollers George. "Well, I guess not!"

"And I'll hold the straws," says Jule, winking on the side."

"So they drew straws, and, strange as it may seem, Rosy got stuck. He cried all night, and although the others tried to comfort him, telling him what a lucky man he was to marry a queen, he wouldn't cheer up a mite."

"And next day the wedding took place in the temple in front of a wood idol with three rows of teeth and as ugly almost as the bride, which was

saying a good deal. And when 'twas over the three shipmates come and congratulated the groom, wishing him luck and a happy honeymoon and such. Oh, they had a bully time, and they was still laughing over it that night after supper when down comes a ble of big darkies with spears, the Kanaka interpreter leading 'em."

"'Cappy," says he, "the king say you no stay in this house no more. He say too good for you. Say bimbley, when the place been clean up, maybe he use it himself. You got to go."

"Who says this?" roars Cap'n George, ugly as could be."

"The king, he says it."

"The queen, you mean. There ain't no king."

"Yes, sir. King and queen now. Mr. Rosy be king. All tribe proud to have witch king."

"The three looked at each other."

"Do you mean to say," says the skipper, choking so he could hardly speak, "that we've got to take orders from 'im?"

"Yes, sir. King say you no mind, we make."

"Well, sir, the language them three used must have been something awful, judging by Jule's tell. But when they vowed they wouldn't move the spears got busy, and out they had to get and into the meanest, dirtiest little hut in the village, one with hardly any sides and great holes in the roof. And there they stayed all night in a pouring rain—the kind of rains you get in them islands."

"The only thing they could agree on was that Rosy was what the skipper called a 'riper' that they'd nourished in their bosoms."

"Next morning 'twas worse than ever. Down comes the Kanaka with his spear gank and routs 'em out and sets 'em to gathering breadfruit all day in the hot sun. And at night 'twas back to the leaky hut again."

"And that wa'n't nothing to what come later. The lives that King Rosy led them three was something awful. 'Twas ill in and work day in and day out. Them's had to get his majesty's meals, and nothing was ever cooked right. And then the royal army got after the steward with spear handles. Cap'n George had to clean up the palace every day, and Rosy and the queen, who was dead gone on her witch husband and let him do anything he wanted to, stood over him and found fault and punched him with sharp sticks to see him jump. And Julius had to fetch and carry and wait and get on his knees whenever he spoke to the king and be helped up again with a kink, like as not."

"Rosy took back all his own clothes that they'd stole, and then he took theirs for good measure. He made 'em marry the three ugliest old women on the island, his own bride excepted, and when they undertook to use a club or anything he had them felled instead. He wore 'em down to skin and bone. Jule said you wouldn't believe a mortal man could treat his feller creatures so low down and mean, and the meanest part of it was that he always called 'em the names that they used to call him aboard ship."

"For a good six months this went on—just the same length of time that Rosy was aboard the Emilly. Then one morning early Julius looks out of one of the holes in the roof of his house, and off on the horizon, heading in, he sees a small steamer, a pleasure yacht 'twas. He lets out a yell that woke up the village and races head first for the Emilly's boat that had been rowed around from the other side of the island and laid there with her oars and sail still in her. And behind him comes Van Dooren and Cap'n George."

"Into the boat they piled, while the islanders were getting their eyes open and gazing at the steamer. There wa'n't no time to get up sail, so they grabbed for the oars. She stuck on the sand just a minute, and in that minute down from the palace comes King Rosy, running the way he run from the first wife over at Heliol. He leaped over the stern, picked up the other oar, and off they put across the lagoon. The rudder was in its place, and so was the tiller, but they couldn't use 'em then."

"They had a good start, but afore they'd got very far the natives had waked up and were after 'em in canoes."

"'Ere!' screams Cap'n George. "This won't do! They'll catch us sure. Get sail on to 'er lively! Somebody take that tiller!"

"Rosy, being nearest, took the tiller, and the others got up the sail. Then 'twas nip and tuck with the canoes for the opening of the barrier reef at the other side of the lagoon. But they made it first, and just as they did out from behind the cliff comes the big steam yacht, all white and shining, with sailors in uniform on her decks and awnings flapping and four mighty pretty women leaning over the side. All of the Emilly gang set up a whoop of joy, and 'twas answered from the yacht."

"Saved!" hollers Cap'n George. "Saved, by thunder! And now," says he, knocking his fists together—now to get square with that four-eyed thief in the stern! Come on, boys!"

"Him and Julius and Teunis made a flying leap off to get at Rosy. But Rosy see 'em coming, jammed the tiller over, and the boom swung across and swept the three overboard pretty as you please."

"There was a scream from the yacht. Rosy give one glance at the women. Then he tossed his arms over his head."

"'Courage, comrades!' he shouts. 'I'll save you or die with you!'"

"And overboard he dives, kersplash! Julius said him and the skipper could have swum all right if Rosy had give 'em the chance, but he didn't. He knew a trick worth two of that. He grabbed 'em round the necks and kept hauling 'em under and splashing and kicking like a water mill. All hands was pretty well used up when they was pulled aboard the yacht."

"'Oh, you brave man!' says one of the women, stooping over Rosy, who was sprawled on the deck with his eyes shut. 'Oh, you hero!'"

"Are they living?" asks Rosy, faint-like and opening one eye. "Good! Now I can die content!"

"'Living?' yells George soon 's he could get the salt water out of his

mouth. 'Living! By the 'oly Peter! Let me at 'im! I'll show 'im whether I'm living or not!'"

"What asks you, you villain?" says the feller that owned the yacht, a great big Englishman, Lord Somebody-or-other. 'The man saved your lives. He knocked 'us overboard!' yells Julius."

"Yes, and he done it a purpose," spouts Van Dooren well as he could for being so waterlogged."

"Let's kill him!" says all three."

"'Hil it on purpose!' says the lord, scornful. 'Likely he'd throw you over and then risk his life to save you. He'd say he to the mate. Take these ungrateful rascals below. Give 'em dry clothes and then set 'em to work—hard work, understand? As for this poor, brave chap, take him to the cabin. I hope he'll pull through,' says he."

"Add all the rest of the voyage, which was to Melbourne, Julius and his two gumps had to share and work like common sailors, while Rosy, the hero inviolate, was living on beef tea and jelly and champagne and being petted and fanned by the lord's wife and the other women. And 'twas worse toward the end, when he pretended to be feeling better and could sit in a steamer chair on deck and grin and make sarcastic remarks under his breath to George and the other two when they was holystoning or scrubbing in the heat."

"At Melbourne they hung around the wharf, waiting to hie him till the lord had 'em took up for vagrants. When they got out of the lockup they found Rosy had gone. And his lordship had given him money and clothes and I don't know what all."

"Julius said that Rosy's meanness sickened him of the sea; said 'twas time to retire when such reptiles was

about. So he come home and married the scrubwoman at the Bay View House. He lived with her till she lost her job. I don't know where he is now."

"'Twas pretty quiet for a few minutes after Jonadab had unloaded this yarn. Everybody was busy trying to swallow his share of the statements in it. I call 'em. Peter T. looked at the cap'n adoringly, but reproachful."

"Wison," says he, "I didn't know 'twas in you. Why didn't you tell me?"

"'Oh," says Jonadab, "I ain't responsible. 'Twas Jule Sparrow that told it to me."

"'Humph," says Peter. "I wish you knew his address. I'd like to bibe him to write the Old Home ads. I thought my invention was all, but I'm in the kindergarten. Well, let's go to bed before somebody tries to win the prize from Sparrow."

"'Twas after 11 by then; so, as his advice looked good, we fellered it."

Titled Englishmen.

Natives of southern Arabia believe that Christians wear hats only to hide their horns. Formerly the continent of Europe clung to the conviction that the Englishman's outer garments concealed a tail. So late as the reign of Edward VI., according to Balle, "an Englishman cannot travel in another land by way of merchandise or any other honest occupation, but it is most contumeliously thrown into his teeth that all Englishmen have tails. The belief probably arose from the legend of the 'Kentish Longtalls.' The people of either Canterbury or Stroud (for the legend varies) mocked at Becket as he rode by on an ass and cut off the ass' tail. Wherefore they and their descendants were cursed with tails thenceforth. At least so said jesters of other countries, and the slander eventually reached upon England in general. Another version sub attributes St. Augustine and Dorsetshire."

Cold as a Cure.

Cold of a certain intensity produces not only hunger, but, as it has been proved, health as well. Raoul Pictet, the famous Swiss chemist, was making experiments on a degree of cold considerably lower than any which occurs naturally, and he found that at temperatures between 110 and 130 below zero no covering of any kind would keep cold out, or, more exactly, would keep warmth in. There is nothing surprising about that. The surprise is in the result. M. Pictet is a gentleman who has suffered greatly from indigestion. After an exposure of several minutes to the cold which he had produced he experienced a sensation of hunger which he has described as ravenous. When he had eaten he experienced none of the tortures of his ailment, and when he had alternately frozen and eaten three or four times he found himself entirely cured.—London Telegraph.

One makes one's own happiness only by taking care of the happiness of others.—Saint-Pierre.

Glassware and Hardware.

On occasions of impending danger people sometimes do what seems to them most absurd at other moments. When the steamship America, which carried one of the Ziegler exploring expeditions to Franz Josef Land in 1903, was being crushed by ice the following winter it became necessary to abandon the ship in haste. Orders were given to unload upon the ice everything that would be of use in the long winter yet before the men. The work must be done with dispatch."

While the crew was passing the bags over the side of the ship the cook, who was of an excitable nature, suddenly appeared at the rail with a large bag, which he heaved over with all his strength. It struck the ice, below with a resounding crash, causing one of the sailors to exclaim:

"Hello, cook, what was that?"

"Oh, that is all right," he answered. "It was lamp chimneys and flue-pipes."

But it was hardly all right, for during the winter they were obliged to cut the bottoms out of pickle bottles and use them in place of chimneys that had been broken.

Doubtless True.

A teacher in a Birmingham school was endeavoring to explain the term "bookish" as applied to our railway system, says London Tit-Bits.

"Now," he was saying, "can any of you tell me the name of the office at which railway tickets are sold?"

"The booking office," replied one of the lads.

"Right," responded the teacher. At this moment his eye fell on a small boy at the end of the class who was evidently paying very little attention to what was said.

"Did you hear that, Spary?" he demanded.

"'Vot, sir?" asked that youth innocently.

"As I thought, you were not listening. We will suppose your father decided to have a day's holiday and visit the seaside. What would he have to do before he could take his seat in the train?"

Without a moment's thought the youngster electrified his teacher by replying:

"'Pawn his tools!"

Odd French English.

A correspondent has been studying English pronunciation in a French dictionary (Perrin Larousse, 1890) and picks out a few examples to show how much effort is necessary for a Frenchman to acquire a true articulation of English. They are all taken from a surprisingly long list of English phrases current in France. "Broken down" (as applied to a race horse) is "bro-ké-daun." "Dead heat" is rendered as "déd-hé," which is ingenious, but hardly correct. "All-hail," is not a bad attempt for "high life," although the aspirate is missing. "Self government" looks an even more imposing political ideal in "self gouvernemant," and the word "shocking" is quite applicable when rendered "shok-kan-que." The opening words of Hamlet's famous soliloquy have a decidedly foreign look. "To be or not to be, that is the question—cheunn."—Manchester Guardian.

Alluring Surroundings.

A young man who had just gone to Philadelphia to take employment in a business house was casting about for a suitable room for himself in Germantown when he chanced upon one in a fine house overlooking a cemetery.

"He was a little doubtful about the terms and more than doubtful about the cemetery."

"Your rate is pretty high," he murmured hesitatingly to the landlady.

"But consider the cheerful view, sir," ventured the mistress of the house.

"Cheerful view?" exclaimed that applicant for lodgings. "Is that what you call a view that embraces a graveyard?"

"Why, certainly," was the response. "Just think how comfortin' and cheerful it will be when you look out of your window and think you're not there!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Arsenic.

Arsenic is mined in Japan, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Germany, England and, within a limited area, in the United States. Its uses are many. As a poison it has been known from very early times. The peasant women of Austria consume large quantities of it, having faith in its virtues as a beautifier, and the men of the same region are addicted to its use in the mistaken belief that it increases their bodily strength and endurance.

Home Course In Domestic Science

XIII.—Washing Day Made Easy.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa
State College.

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Association.

BLUE Monday might lose some of its terror for the average family if the weekly washing were changed to some other day. Steam laden rooms, odor of boiling suds, an untidy house from kitchen to attic and "pickup" sheets all day, combined with the accumulation of duties and cares since Saturday, make Monday a disagreeable day for every one. Whoever established the custom of settling Monday aside for a "wash day" made life just a little harder than necessary in scores of homes. And yet so firmly established has the custom become that it takes genuine courage to break away from it and wash on Tuesday instead. When you think about it, how much more suitable Tuesday is for the work than Monday, which, following a day of rest, finds the whole house more or less disarranged!

It is rarely possible and sometimes quite unwise to attempt to outline any housekeeper's work for her. One must know conditions and be familiar with the life of the family before being really competent to arrange the routine of domestic affairs. But for the benefit of the woman who has everything to do for her family and who perhaps is not wholly satisfied with her present plan let me present this program for at least Monday and Tuesday:

Monday.—Put the house in order. Plan the meals for Tuesday and do extra baking for that day. Get the laundry ready for washing. That means look over the soiled clothing and do the necessary mending. Tears and broken seams increase in washing. Take out stains. It is much easier to do this before washing than after, and there is more time the day

before than when the washing is in process. Soiled clothes. See that tubs and other things are ready for an early start; also be sure that soap, bluing and other supplies are on hand.

Tuesday.—The special work for this day will be the washing, but it should not be carried on to the complete disarrangement of the family life. Good, substantial meals should be served promptly; as on other days, and the wife and mother should not be so enslaved by the wash tub and wringer that she has no thought or attention for husband and children. There is no reason why she should be if the washing has not beyond all reason piled up her work, so that it requires almost superhuman effort to accomplish it. While preparing breakfast the laundry fire may be started and the water heated. After breakfast and after the dining table has been cleared, the washing can be commenced, and if it is performed in an intelligent way from start to finish it ought not to interfere to any great extent with the ordinary comforts of the day. The clothes were sorted and some of them put to soak the day before. That means a long stride toward an early completion.

The Order of the Wash.
One reason why there are so many indifferent laundresses and so much inferior laundry work is because little or no attention has been given to difference in fabrics. Cotton, linen, silk and wool are practically treated in the same way. The same kind of soap is used for all. They are washed in water of the same temperature. Sometimes they are washed in the same water. They are given the same amount of rubbing and equally indifferent rinsing.

In sorting the clothes arrange them in five piles as follows:
Table linen and fine muslins.
Bed linen, towels and handkerchiefs (previously soaked in ammonia and water if used for a cold).
Flannels.
Colored cottons and stockings.
Soiled towels and cloths.

No one questions that soaking the clothes loosens the dirt and makes the washing easier, but only white clothes or fast colors can be treated in this way, and it is not well to soak all kinds of white clothes in one tub. After soaking in cold water to which a good naphtha soap or washing powder has been added little or no rubbing will be necessary before putting the clothes in the boiler. Kerosene used in small quantity in the cold water in which clothes are soaked makes the washing easier. The success of laundering also depends on the kind and

amount of soap used. For wool and silk articles use only a good white soap containing very little alkali or acid. Both these chemicals have an injurious effect on silk and wool. Soda makes woolen garments yellow, makes the fiber harsh and less elastic. The fiber of wool is composed of numberless sections, or sheaths, each with more or less jagged edges and each one growing out of the other. These sheaths form a tube which, with its jagged edges, explains the reason for shrinking. Dilute acids roughen the wool fibers; strong acids disintegrate it. Chloride of lime injures the fiber even if cold; used hot, the fiber is destroyed. Ammonia has the least injurious action on wool, therefore is the most satisfactory agent for cleansing it.

Silk is a strong, elastic, lustrous double fiber. All alkalies act upon it, according to the kind, strength and temperature of the solution and the length of time the silk is left in the solution. The luster is first lessened, and the fiber is finally dissolved. Dilute acids roughen silk and strong acids ruin it. Thus it will be seen that all garments of silk and wool should be washed with only the mildest soap. This should be made into a solution by cutting the soap into thin slices, dissolving in hot water and adding to the suds in which the garments are to be washed. This method is much better than rubbing the soap directly on the garment. Both silk and wool are injured by dry heat. Silk first stiffens, then breaks, so that the water in which it is washed should not be hot. Flannels should be washed in water of the same temperature throughout the process and should be hung to dry in a temperature the same as the water. The expansion and contraction of the wool fibers, caused by change in temperatures, make flannel thick. Tepid water and a moderate temperature for drying and the best white soap added to the washing water are simple rules to observe in washing woolen garments.

The vegetable fibers, such as cotton and linen, are of a woody nature, tough, strong and not so easily affected by chemicals. For this reason cotton and linen materials are not so soon spoiled by careless washing as either silk or wool, and yet too much soap, prolonged boiling in dirty water, indifferent rinsing and attention to stains soon make the best cotton or linen dingy and unattractive. One of the commonest neglects in ordinary washing is that the water is not changed often enough. Garment after garment is washed in water so saturated with dirt that it is impossible to make it remove any more. This washing is followed by careless rinsing in only one water, which does not begin to take out all the soap. If the bluing follows, as it too often does, this rinsing in soapy water, the clothes are very liable to be stained with iron rust. This will almost certainly be the case if Prussian blue is used. This substance is a salt of iron, and with an alkali such as there is in soap changes to iron rust. A simple experiment to determine whether or not you are using Prussian blue is to heat a little of it in a strong solution of soda. If Prussian blue the mixture will turn yellowish red, and iron rust will settle in the bottom of the vessel.

Simple General Directions.
It is more often neglect of little things than carelessness about big main points that makes washing an unsatisfactory task. Attention to these details may lighten the work for some women and bring them better results.

Remember to make fresh suds, whenever necessary. It is a mistake to think you can make clothes clean in dirty water.

Put the clothes to boil in cold water and heat slowly. The best results are obtained when there is a large quantity of water and the boiler is but half full of clothes. Each boilerful of clothes should be put on in clean, cold water.

Rinsing is very important. The clothes must be free from soap before bluing. Use soft water for first rinsing, then hard water if color of soft is not good.

Hard water may be softened by boiling, then cooling before using, or a solution of soda may be added. This ought not to be too strong, or the soda will injure both the fabric and the hands.

In bluing shake out each article and drop it into the bluing water, rinse carefully through the water, then wring out at once. Do not allow clothes to stay in bluing water for any length of time or they will be streaked.

Thick starch is made by mixing one-half cup of laundry starch and one-quarter cup of cold water, then add one-quarter teaspoonful of white wax or lard and one quart of boiling water. Put over the fire and boil for several minutes, stirring constantly. Uncooked or partly cooked starch will stick. Thick starch may be diluted, or if a thin quality is desired use twice as much water.

Ironing is the completion of good laundry work and the test of the laundress. It requires a good thick ironing blanket backed securely to an ironing table or board, clean irons, an iron stand, a piece of beeswax tied to a cloth on which to clean the irons, a bit of old cloth on which to wipe them and a piece of paper folded several times on which to try the irons. This is the necessary outfit, but in addition there must be practice, care and skill to insure complete success.

The Gallant Cabman.
Nothing produces quite so much wit from a cabman as a sense of being underpaid, which in most cases means that he has been justly paid. A lady who had been guilty of this kind of justice experienced the usual sense of discomfort when her driver straightened the palm into which she had just dropped her shilling and looked at her speechlessly. She was weakly about to add another shilling when the cabby's sense of humor prevailed. He transferred the shilling to his pocket and smiled sweetly down at his embarrassed fare. "Course, missy," he remarked, "there was the pleasure of drivin' you!"—London Chronicle.

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A STRANGE PLANT.

The Drinking Orchid and Its Fruitless Search For Water.

"The strangest orchids I ever saw," said a naturalist, "live on the edge of a lagoon on the Rio de la Platte. I say, for surely no animal is more alive than they, and among them I first realized the pathos of a plant's immobility, the cruelty of its roots that bind it forever to one spot."

"These orchids had each at the center or axis a long stem a half inch wide and a quarter inch thick. They grew on dead limbs overhanging the lagoon, and now and then when in need of water they uncoiled their axial stems, lowered them three or four feet to the stream and when enough water had been drunk coiled the stems up again as a tape measure coils up on its spool."

"A strange sight that still and tropical afternoon—a silent, sun drenched lagoon, a scarlet blaze of orchids and here and there thin, supple tubes descending to drink, satisfying their selves, then coiling up again."

"But what impressed me most was a mass of faded orchids that continually and restlessly lay down their tubes to vain, for the stream had fallen, and hence the tubes descended upon dry ground. It was pitiful. The orchids were dying, but with what strength was left in them they lowered and drew up their tubes. They felt feverishly and weakly for the water that wasn't there."

"A sad sight—a sight that brought home the pathos of the immobility of plants!"—Exchange.

BLAKE'S VISIONS.

The Curious Hallucinations of the Poet-Painter.

William Blake, the contemporary of Charles Lamb, was a man of visions. Blake dined with prophets and held converse with archangels. A friend of Blake, called on the poet-painter and found him sitting, pencil in hand, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious of having a fastidious sister. He looked and drew and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible. "Disturb me not," said Blake in a whisper. "I have some one sitting to me." "Sitting to you?" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "Where is he? I see no one." "But I see him," answered Blake laughingly. "There he is. His name is Lol. You may read of him in the Scriptures. He is sitting for his portrait."

Blake's hallucinations, however, rarely took a malignant form. One of his most beautiful visions was of a fairy funeral. "I was walking alone in my garden," he said. "There was a great stillness among the branches and flowers and more than common sweetness in the air. I heard a low and pleasant sound and knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared. It was a fairy's funeral."—Chicago News.

The Manchus.

The name "Manchuria," to designate the country of the Manchus, is not known to the Chinese, but was invented by French geographers. The Manchus are a tribe of Tartars who gained the ascendancy in China in the seventeenth century. Manchu is Chinese for "pure" and was applied by an ancestor of Shun Chie, the first Manchu emperor of China, to his dynasty and his people.

The Manchus resemble the Chinese only to the eye of a stranger, just as we think that all Chinese individuals look alike. To themselves the Manchus are distinct from Chinese in appearance, as to race, and one who knows eastern races easily distinguishes them. Most of them are short and good looking, with brown and ruddy skins.—New York Tribune.

Conscious During a Fall.

Every time a workman falls from a forty story building there are people to say, "Well, he probably didn't feel it when he struck." There is little or no basis for this belief that a person is dead or unconscious at the end of a long fall. Our surviving jumpers from Brooklyn bridge prove this, and that a person retains consciousness is shown by the case of the English boy who fell down a pit some 250 feet deep and shouted "Below!" three times on the way down. One theory is that a person falling would not be able to breathe, but a train at sixty miles an hour is moving faster than one would move in falling a hundred or so feet, and no one pretends that one would die of suffocation if he put his head out the train window.—Exchange.

A Way of Explaining It.

Wife—Why, John, just see what a stupid blunder the newspaper has made in its account of our silver wedding! Don't you remember I wrote it out for the reporter that we had spent together twenty-five years of married happiness, and the stupid typewriter has gone and made it twenty-five years of married happiness. Isn't it awful? Husband—Oh, well, dear, don't be too hard on the poor fellow. Perhaps he's been married twenty-five years himself.—London Tit-Bits.

First and Last Words.

"Why do we pay so much attention to the last words of great men?" "Possibly because their first words are all alike."—Washington Herald.

Arundel Castle.

The most singular circumstance about Arundel castle is that its owner, by mere right of ownership, is Earl of Arundel in the peerage of England. It is believed that there is no similar example of a peerage held on such conditions. Apparently there would be no legal obstacle, were the house of Howard to fall upon evil days and the castle be sold to some millionaire, to prevent the millionaire taking his seat in the house of lords as Earl of Arundel.—London Standard.

Transposed Letters.

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON.

It was late afternoon of a dull winter day, with the advance guard of the dark, centinelling every corner of the private office and fortifying each partially protected covert beneath chairs and desk and between the bookcases; the last few sparks of what had formerly been a most luxurious wood fire floated sullenly skywards up the chimney at each fresh draught; and the lawyer scowled listlessly at some black sheets of paper on which his inkless pen scrawled imaginary hieroglyphics.

"If you were a fairy, so that you could perch yourself on a corner of the big flat desk and read the lawyer's mind, and yet be invisible, you'd have known that he was arguing a very important case with his heart—Alice v. Alice."

"If you were not a fairy at all, not even a mind-reader, but just a plain village gossip transplanted into the city where you could have a hundred times as exciting an existence, you would have told him Alice MacPherson didn't everybody say so?—and how Mr. Brooks was entirely devoted to Miss Alice Crawford. And wasn't it the most natural and appropriate thing? Miss Crawford was so handsome and popular and held so assured a social position that she could not fail to make him a charming wife. Rich, too, and that was worth a lot, whereas that Alice MacPherson—why, who could imagine her, Mrs. Brooks? Of course, one didn't like to call her bold; no doubt she was just perfectly mad over him and to fight-headed, with the splendor of such a match to act circumspectly."

It, on the other hand, you were not a gossip, but one of his most intimate friends, you would have believed that if he had no intention of marrying anybody at all, that his so-called "devotion" to Miss Alice Crawford was, nothing more than mere politeness when he happened to meet her, because she hovered so carefully near him. They would have been sure he did not see her often and that he would be quite willing not to meet her any more. Alice MacPherson would have been a mystery to you.

And in each case you'd have been wrong.

Since you are only plain spectator, you must content yourself with watching Mr. Brooks. After scowling a long time and making a great wavy hieroglyphic, he turned on the electric light, dipped his pen in the ink bottle and began really writing. Finally two letters were lighted thus:

"My dear Alice:

"Please come around to my office tomorrow afternoon at about 4 o'clock. I want you to dine with me later. If you would like to, but that I want to have a little talk with you."

"Faithfully yours,
"JOHN K. BROOKS."

"My dear Alice:

After long and serious deliberation, I am certain that it will be best for you and for me that our acquaintance cease absolutely to-day, beyond, of course, mere recognition if at any time we should accidentally meet, which is most unlikely. In your best interests and mine:

"Very earnestly,
"JOHN K. BROOKS."

Two envelopes were addressed, to Alice Crawford and to Alice MacPherson. You might have observed that the lawyer's hands were not quite steady as he slipped the letters into their respective envelopes and sealed them. "It is much better so," he muttered. "I had to choose wisely."

At 4 o'clock on the following afternoon the lawyer was very busy, with his papers, having been closely accosted all day. You might fancy he looked pale and out of order yesterday, many years more than his 42. The clock over the fireplace had hardly stopped striking when a young woman was announced. This interrupted another half-audible muttering of his as he glanced at the clock: "Work, plenty of that will absorb you, and it's better so." He started as she came toward the desk. A curious relief seemed to sweep over him.

"It was very nice of you to ask me to dine with you today. Of course I am glad to do so. But I'm wondering what it is you want to talk about with me," she said.

"You had my note?"

"It came this morning." She had it with her.

"Yes—yes—I'm glad you could come." He answered so uncertainly that she immediately turned all her attention to his apparent weariness. Yes, he had been tired, he admitted, but already felt better. He was glad she had received his note. Let her go away so easily. Alice MacPherson was puzzled, but patient. "You have something to talk over with me?" she prompted gently after a while.

"Yes, I want you to be my wife if you will," he replied with his usual abruptness.

Even a gossip would have seen now that Alice MacPherson had not dared dream of anything so wonderful. It was some time before she answered softly: "I think, Mr. Brooks—"

"John!"

"John, that it might be better for you in the end to marry Miss Crawford, of whom I hear such pleasant things. She's—"

"Don't you suppose I know what I want?" He spoke sharply. "I want you."

His keen lawyer eye could see that she wanted him, though he insisted on being told so. By 5 o'clock interesting plans for a wedding were arranged—an hour during which you, as a spectator might have chuckled, knowingly over the lawyer's frequent repetition of his joy at Alice having really received his note.

"I find I can spare a few months by my clients," he remarked, while he put on his overcoat, "and I am going to take you on a Mediterranean trip. The boat sails next week, I think, but I guess I can manage to secure good rooms."

Alice opened an evening paper to see on what day the sailing would be, and read in amazement, as did John looking over her shoulder:

"Popular heiress weds while house burns."

"While Miss Alice Crawford who left town with her mother very secretly three days ago, was busy this morning in Washington preparing a startling surprise for all her friends by marrying a young French diplomat en visite officielle, her splendid residence here dissolved as rapidly as possible in smoke and ashes."

They read no more because for some reason John K. Brooks heaved a most rapacious sigh and hugged Alice so hard that she begged to know if he feared she were about to run away.—Boston Post.

Hints for the Housewife.

Before broiling a steak, brush with olive oil to keep the juice inside.

Save your broken cloth napkins as they make very good wedges for rattling windows.

The longer clothes lay in a dampened, conditioned before ironing, the easier and smoother they will iron.

Prevent macaroni, cereals, etc., when cooking directly over a fire, from boiling over by adding a small piece of butter.

Chamois for the face may be washed successfully in clear tepid water. Hang up and when perfectly dry rub until soft and pliable.

The quickest and safest way to warm plates for the table without danger of cracking them, is to dip them in very hot water and wipe dry.

An excellent way to remove the lime deposit from the tea kettle is to boil a spoonful of vinegar in the kettle, then scrape and rinse well.

Good carpet bags for rugs may be made from old stockings. Start at the top and cut round and around. They will need no sewing.

If a pinch of soda is added to the water in which the beans are to be soaked, a great improvement will be noticed in the flavor of the beans.

When using cold starch for laundry purposes have the water a little warm as this will make the starch penetrate the fabric more readily.

Guest's Absent-Mindedness.

"The queerest case of absent-mindedness that I have ever known," remarked the night clerk of a certain hotel, "was that which happened at this hotel early yesterday morning. Two fellow boarders, one Jones by name and the other whose name is Brown, occupied a room on the third floor."

"Well, Brown requested me to have him awakened at three o'clock so as to allow him to catch the four o'clock train. He was awakened at the requested time, and in his hurry to dress himself he put on Jones's clothes by mistake. He did not discover his mistake until he reached the depot, and would you believe it?—here the speaker paused—"when he found out that he was wearing someone else's clothes he immediately returned to the hotel and went right to bed."

"I don't see any absent-mindedness about that," broke in one of the listeners.

"You don't? Why, he thought that I had awakened the wrong man!"—Eclair Advertiser.

Excellent Reminder.

"I wish I could remember," said Rivers, "what it was that my wife told me to do to-day."

"Perhaps," suggested Brooks, "she told you to bring my razor back. You borrowed it about a month ago."

"Razor back? Razor back? I know now—I was to be sure to take home some pork chops."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Nationality.

When small Sigurd made her first appearance in an American school, says Harper's Magazine, she was asking the usual puzzling questions, one of which was:

"What is your nationality, Sigurd?"

"Sigurd" tossed her head bravely. "I'm an American of Norwegian design," she said promptly.

Suggestion from the Bad Boy.

The teacher had written a difficult problem on the blackboard.

"Now, children," she said, "what is the first thing to do with this?"

"Erase it," shouted the bad little boy on the front seat.—Chicago Tribune.

On one occasion as Mr. Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned speech some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a cock. This orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch. "Morning already!" he said. "My watch is only at ten. But there can be no mistake about it. The instinct of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animals" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.

A south side man claims that the janitor of the flat building in which his lives is the meanest janitor on earth.

"He never gives as half enough steam during the day," said the complainant, "and at night the conditions are simply awful. Why, I frequently wake up just hear my wife's teeth chattering on the bureau."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"It's three years since I was in this city," said the stranger as he finished his dinner. "City looks the same."

"I don't find much change," remarked the water as he took up the dime that was left from the two dollar bill.—New York Journal.

Do Ankle—You say you walk a great deal? Do Actor—Yes. Do Artist—When you are playing golf? Do Actor—Sometimes when I am playing golf and sometimes when I am playing Hamlet.—Chicago Journal.

"Say," said the friend, "I'm in need of a little money."

"Bully for you, old man. I congratulate you," replied the other. "You're ten times better off than am. I need a whole lot of it."—Detroit Free Press.

"Old Moneybags is afraid that price he bought for his daughter is a bogus one." "Why so?" "When it came to settling up he asked for the price's debts, and the fellow told him he hadn't any."

Landlady—Yes; I must confess I have a weakness for coffee.

Boarder—It must be sympathetic. The coffee has the same quality.—Cleveland Leader.

"Is that a college girl lunching with Jack?"

"Think so. Heard her say, 'Gosh, this lobster is bully!'"—Browning's Magazine.

"De Villiers has quit scorching." "Machine will fix it."

"Nope; he's dead."

"Oh, that doesn't prove anything!"—Harper's Weekly.

Emancipated Woman—But why won't you marry me? Give me a definite reason. Dubroned Man—Oh! just because!—Puck.

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